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Christmas Number

DECEMBER, 1955

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BRITANNIA and Eve

DECEMBER
1955
VOL. 51 NO. 6

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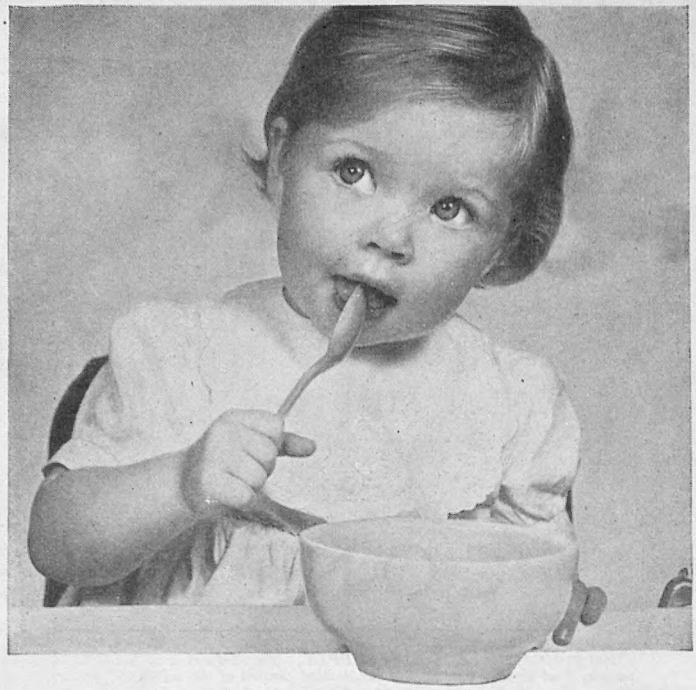

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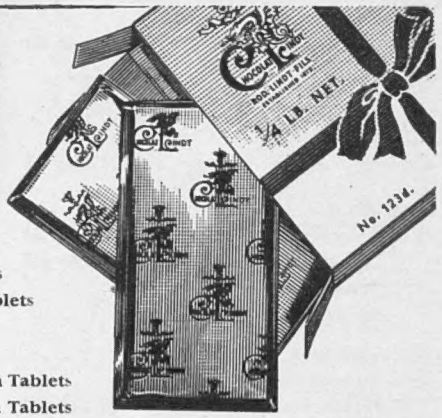

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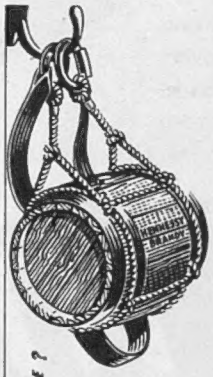

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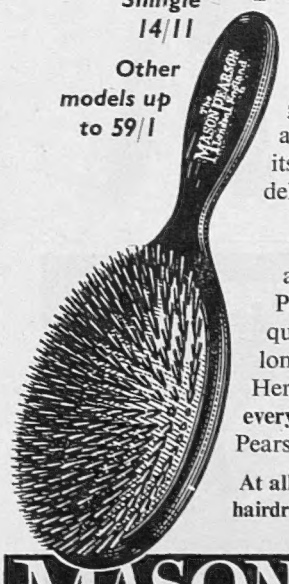

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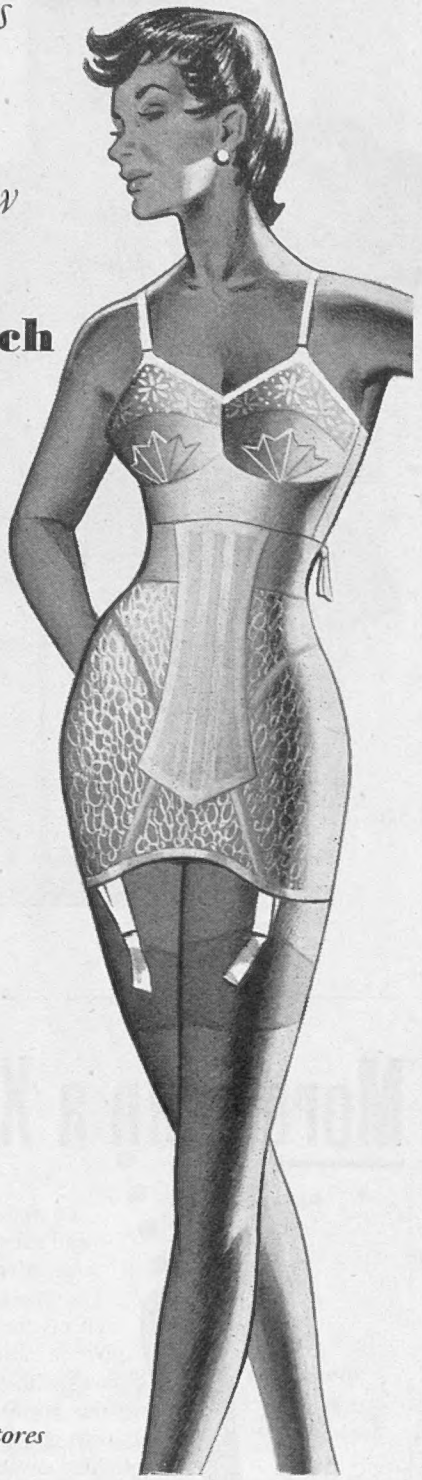

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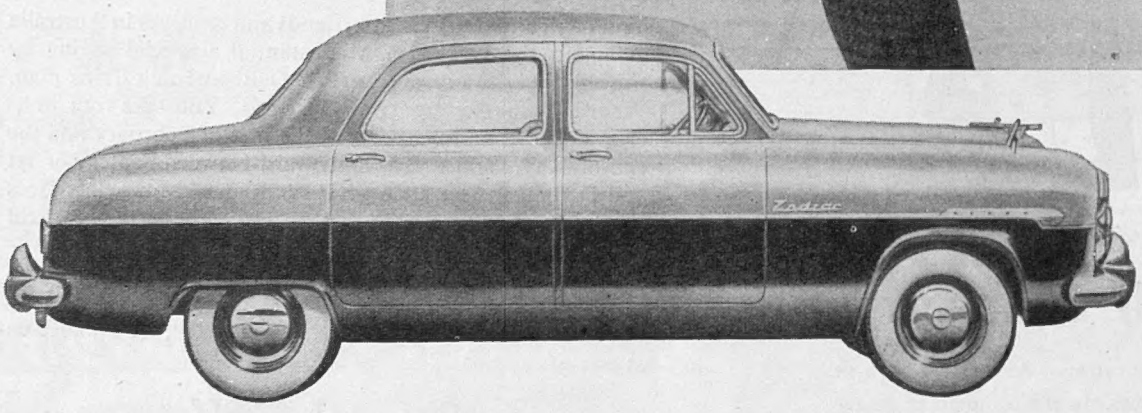

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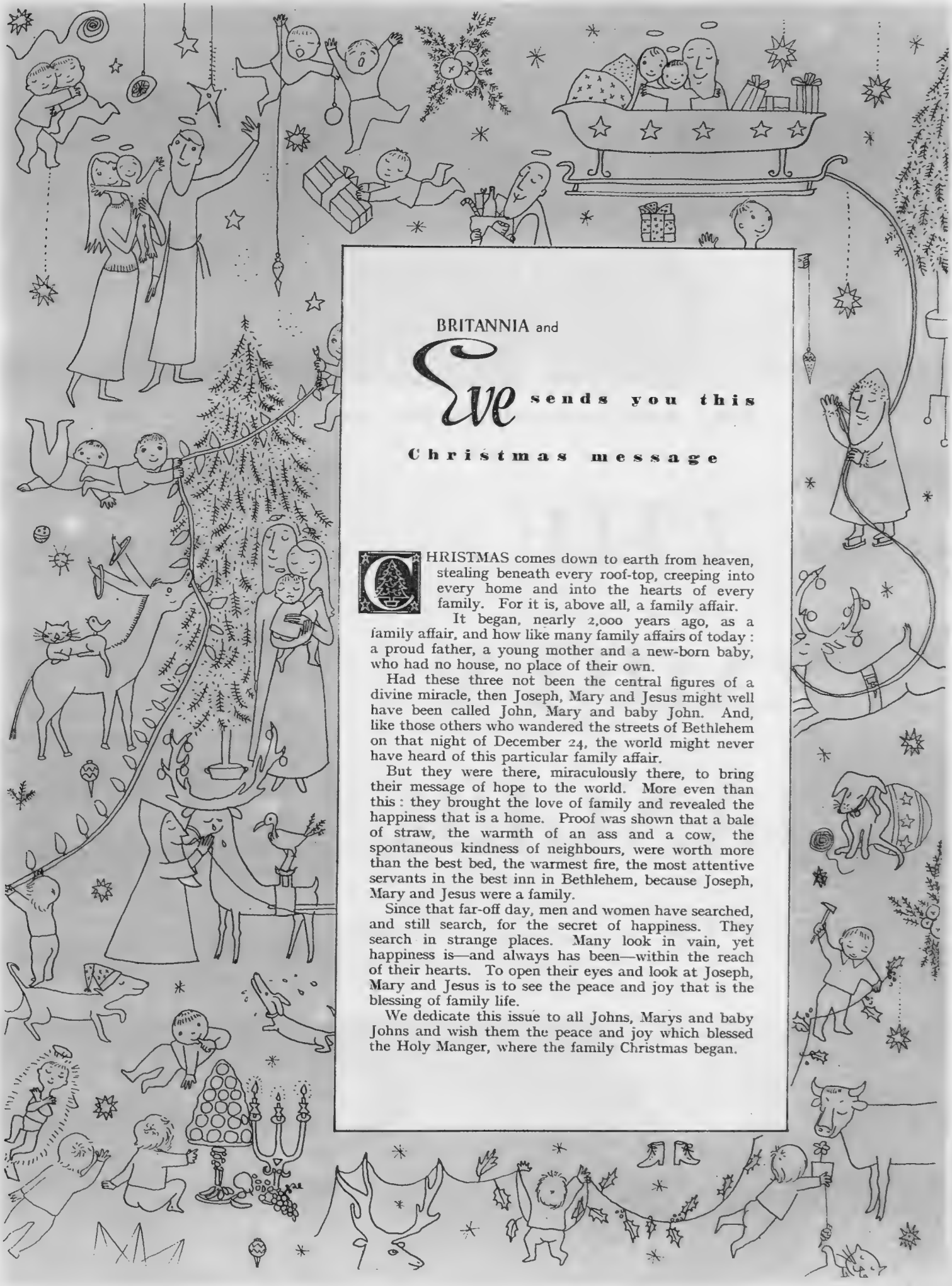


BRITANNIA and

Eve sends you this

Christmas message

CHRISTMAS comes down to earth from heaven, stealing beneath every roof-top, creeping into every home and into the hearts of every family. For it is, above all, a family affair.

It began, nearly 2,000 years ago, as a family affair, and how like many family affairs of today: a proud father, a young mother and a new-born baby, who had no house, no place of their own.

Had these three not been the central figures of a divine miracle, then Joseph, Mary and Jesus might well have been called John, Mary and baby John. And, like those others who wandered the streets of Bethlehem on that night of December 24, the world might never have heard of this particular family affair.

But they were there, miraculously there, to bring their message of hope to the world. More even than this: they brought the love of family and revealed the happiness that is a home. Proof was shown that a bale of straw, the warmth of an ass and a cow, the spontaneous kindness of neighbours, were worth more than the best bed, the warmest fire, the most attentive servants in the best inn in Bethlehem, because Joseph, Mary and Jesus were a family.

Since that far-off day, men and women have searched, and still search, for the secret of happiness. They search in strange places. Many look in vain, yet happiness is—and always has been—within the reach of their hearts. To open their eyes and look at Joseph, Mary and Jesus is to see the peace and joy that is the blessing of family life.

We dedicate this issue to all Johns, Marys and baby Johns and wish them the peace and joy which blessed the Holy Manger, where the family Christmas began.

Who could have been responsible for such a disastrous thing?

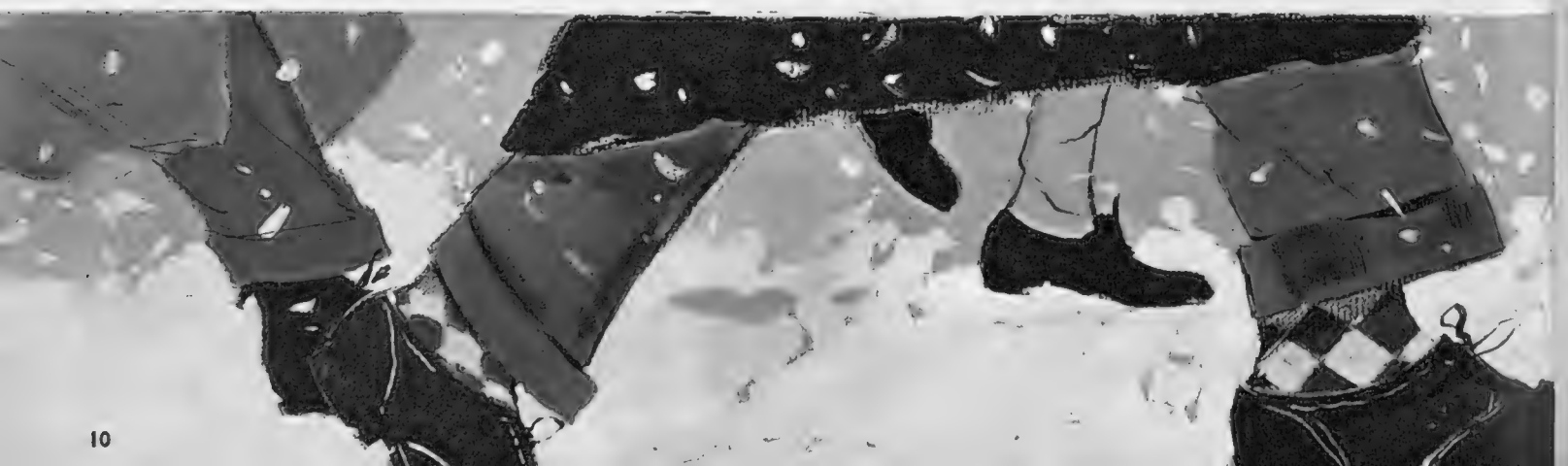
THE EMPTY MANGER

By STELLA MORTON *Illustrations by RAY WARD*

IT began on Christmas Eve, when Miss Barlow was doing the flowers on the window-ledges ready for Christmas Day.

Miss Barlow hadn't always done the window-ledges. For twenty years she had done the altar. I know Miss Barlow couldn't afford expensive flowers, but even the button bronze chrysanthemums from her garden she couldn't arrange, she just stuffed them into the vases. But no one had the courage to tell her. Even the new Vicar, and he made some startling changes, couldn't bring himself to ask her to let someone else do them. Then the poor old thing was taken ill and the Vicar grabbed the chance to ask Mrs. Pitt-Reeves to take over the altar. It wasn't, as it happened, a popular move, for the Pitt-Reeves were newcomers, but they possessed money, gardens, greenhouses *and* flowers.

Mrs. Pitt-Reeves certainly "made a job of it," and by the time she 'd finished, the whole chancel was ablaze and glowing with beauty. But poor little Miss Barlow was scornful. She thought the Pitt-Reeves' arrangement just a vulgar display of opulence, and beside that she was humiliated and sore of heart. The Vicar had been as kind and gentle as he could to her, and he 'd asked her to do the window-ledges instead, but of



...No wonder the villagers were determined to find the culprit

course, it was a bit of a come-down after the altar.

On this particular Christmas Eve, Mrs. Pitt-Reeves had once again made the altar and the chancel look beautiful, in fact she had excelled herself. Her reasons were not entirely disinterested, for it so happened that the Duchess, who 'd taken up residence at Havermore Hall, let it be known that she and three of her children would attend the Toy Service on Boxing Day.

The Duchess was a darling. She was thirty-three and though she was the mother of four children, she didn't look a day older than twenty-one. In fact, the whole family was hardly different from hundreds of other families up and down the country.

There was only one point of dissimilarity —when it came to a question of friends, the Duchess chose her own, and so far Mrs. Pitt-Reeves had not been included in the " inner circle." I don't really *know* that that was the reason for the " better than ever " display that year, and it may be uncharitable of me to suspect her motives, but it certainly made me suspicious. And it made Miss Barlow more scornful and humiliated than ever. So much so that she went so far as to speak to the Vicar about it.

And when " it " occurred he remembered the conversation and that 's how it came about that Miss Barlow was one of the suspects.

Here I must return to the Duchess— the Duchess and " Woody " Blake. " Woody "—his real name was William— Blake was the carpenter, and it so happened that in the days of the old vicar, Miss Barlow's father, he had carved a set of figures for the Christmas Crib. I don't say that Woody's cupboards and tables and doors weren't good, they were excellent, but the Crib figures were awful. He may have been an authority on grains but he certainly wasn't on anatomy, although the people had long ago accepted them and were, I suppose, quite attached to them. Either that or they 'd got so accustomed to them that they didn't see them.

BUT the new Vicar fancied himself as a bit of an artist and he was horrified when they were trotted out from the vestry cupboard the first Christmas he was there. He was all for " making clean cuts " and it was only by using every bit of persuasion I 'd got that I made him see that he must " make haste slowly."

Then the Duchess, who 'd just had her fourth and who, I 'm certain, didn't know a thing about Woody's carvings, intimated to the Vicar that she 'd like to make a small thanksgiving gift to the church and suggested—a new set of figures for the Crib.

It certainly put the Vicar in a spot and the poor man didn't know what to do. There was the Duchess new to the place, wealthy, a force for good, and there on the other hand was Woody Blake, old and crusty and poor, with his hideous figures with their highly-coloured robes and rouged cheeks.

And the Vicar was zealous for the reputation of his church, so you really couldn't blame him for accepting the highly artistic set of figures the Duchess wished to present.

And they certainly were beautiful. A gracious lovely St. Mary, a noble St. Joseph, a calmly-smiling Child. And there were two angels with brooding golden wings and serene faces, shepherds, and even the ox, ass and lamb, all in perfect taste and colouring.

But Woody Blake, like Miss Barlow, was hurt to the core and he never spoke to the Vicar again. So it was hardly surprising that on the disastrous day when " it " happened he was on the list of suspects.

But I 'm keeping Admiral Pooley and Jenny waiting.

Admiral Pooley was sixty-eight, short, fierce and fat, and he spoke to everyone,

including his wife Elspeth, as though they were before a court-martial. He was People's Warden and he took his position very seriously indeed.

I mentioned earlier that, when the new Vicar came, he made some drastic changes and one of these was that he altered the time of Evensong from six-thirty to seven o'clock, chiefly in order that the farm workers would have time to get their necessary work done before the service. But the Admiral was furious. Then, to add insult to injury, Roger, the Admiral's son, fell in love with Jenny, the Vicar's daughter. That was the last straw.

Jenny was dark and shy and very pretty. She was nineteen and Roger was twenty-one and although they were desperately in love they couldn't do much about it; firstly, because Roger, who was still at Oxford, was totally dependent on his father, and secondly, because of the state of war which existed between the Admiral and the Vicar.

I 'm afraid I encouraged them, but, rightly or wrongly, I believed in them both. I even tried to get the Vicar on their side, but, as I say, the Vicar could be a mule, and over Roger and Jenny he was as mulish as he was over the Admiral.

And that explains how it was that the Admiral, too, became implicated.

She wrapped it in an old blanket . . .

The only other person I have to tell you about is Molly Mossfield. She really was a problem. No one was absolutely certain just what had happened to her husband and if he were the father of her three children or not, for she, too, was a newcomer to the village. But in spite of the rumours that went round about the number of men who called at Martins Cottage and where did she get her money from, the children all looked very healthy and very happy.

No, I 've got to confess that by and large we shunned Molly Mossfield and her suspicious brood. Even the Vicar handled them gingerly, so to speak, and though they came to church occasionally they remained very much outsiders.

Then a fourth child appeared. I don't mean Molly Mossfield had a baby. The fourth child was four or five, a little dark-haired thing with black eyes and a grave face. She was foreign, and she spoke English with a definite accent.

HOW the rumours flew ! One of Molly's visitors, it was said, was also foreign. He came in a large car and often stayed till after midnight. Then someone else reported that it wasn't the foreign man who had brought the child, but a tall, fair Irishman, who also frequently came in a car and stayed till midnight. It was all very mysterious and even the Vicar was perturbed because some of the parishioners thought he ought to " do something " about it, though, as he said to me, just what he was expected to " do " he didn't know.

I myself was often troubled about the whole thing because, though I hadn't the courage to admit it, I liked Molly. She was so big and gay and laughing.

I spoke to the Vicar about it and asked him if he thought it would be a good idea if I called on her, but he was a bit dubious. He told me that he himself had called and he really had had a bit of a shock because Mrs. Mossfield had opened the door to him in her dressing-gown—at four o'clock in the afternoon. I said perhaps she 'd been lying down with a headache and felt embarrassed to be found in her dressing-gown, but the Vicar said that wasn't all. While he was standing there a *man* had come down the stairs and—well, it was all rather difficult and he thought it would be more discreet if I didn't call till we knew a bit more about them.

I UNDERSTOOD the matter from his point of view, but I couldn't help wishing that he 'd have been a bit more courageous about the whole thing. But when I was in bed that night I thought it over and it wasn't difficult to understand that it might give rise to " talk " among the older parishioners if he appeared to be too friendly with Molly. And yet, when I saw him the next day, I said, " I still don't see how you are to do something about them if you don't call." And, greatly daring, I said, " And if you want to know what I think, Vicar, it 's this—that even if she is a bit of a suspicious character and wears a lot of make-up, she 's got a much kinder face than some of those carping old ladies of both sexes who are everlastingly picking her to pieces." And as by then I 'd worked myself up into quite a temper, I added, " And if you want to know something else, I think, too, it 's that half the time you 're afraid of what people will ' say ' if you 're seen going into her cottage."

(*Continued on page 60*)

"Turn out to be the life and soul of the party"

The mixture as before

By MARJORIE RIDDELL

To mix the Christmas tonic take all the usual ingredients, blend well with all the usual complaints and take one dose every year

PEOPLE who write to newspapers seem to have a pet grouse to suit every season and every event, and at Christmas the same grouse pops up year after year. "Christmas," say the moaners, "is not what it used to be."

Well, of course, and apart from superficialities, this is nonsense. In fact, it is the very sameness of Christmas that constitutes half its charm. We may not know in *detail* exactly what is going to happen, we may not know exactly *when* father will monopolise young George's new train-set or *how* little Angela will get hold of the inedible Father Christmas on the cake and try to eat it, but that both these things will happen is as inevitable as our not wanting to see turkey again as long as we live.

Nobody is going to convince me that these are new phenomena. Certainly we now have television and radio, and families are smaller, and carol-singers tend to know only half of one carol, but none of these things affects Christmas essentially, either for good or for bad.

For the majority of us, and personal circumstances apart, Christmas brings its smiles and hopes and resolutions and aspirins just as it always did, and if we stop to think

"The turkey is defying them on purpose"

"They are not tired at bedtime and are going to say so . . ."

right now there are few of us who will be far wrong in a forecast of our Christmas Day.

Mothers, now. Mothers know what their Christmas Day will be like, and they know that if they're preparing midday dinner their first crisis will arise in the morning. Everyone else will be trying on, or eating, or playing with their presents, and pretty soon mothers will come to several conclusions: that dinner will *never* be ready, that next year they will *not* have anyone to stay with them, that next year they will insist on the family's going away for Christmas, that the turkey is defying them on purpose, that they haven't enough of anything, that they wish they were dead, that soon they will be, and that nobody will care.

Then at about this time their kitchen will be invaded by the rest of the female element, who will demand to know why mothers haven't *said* they'd started, and in next to no time they will have their work cut out to provide enough implements, and to answer all the questions about where they keep the salt and why is the pepper in a cocoa-tin, for heaven's sake.

Washing-up after dinner is much the same, except that people have by then given up (*Continued on page* 64)

ABOVE ALL

—look your best

Raymond tops the head with his little "penny bun" and encircles it with a crown. The front hair is layered in soft rolls with a downward movement which still leaves the brow uncovered and sweeps gently from the temples into curls which half-cover the ears. A hair style to complement a sophisticated young evening gown

To ensure this, two top hairdressers, Raymond and Steiner, have each created two styles especially for Eve readers to wear at Christmas

✦ ✦ ✦

From the coquetry of a rose at the temple to the sparkle of diamonds among the curls—here are styles individually created with the skill and verve of the true artist, yet variable enough to suit most ages and most faces. Two other designers have joined in to give you a further choice of styles for all the year round

Raymond's "lopsided" technique here, this time with an upward sweep from the brow and soft downward moving layers over one temple. The opposite temple shows a smooth backward sweep. The crown is flat and the hair ripples gently into a shapely mass of curls on the nape of the neck

Steiner adopts an off-the-brow movement with the hair drawn smoothly back from one temple and moving subtly into deep undulations on the other side. The back hair is turned under at the nape of the neck. Tiny "diamonds" are scattered among the waves which sweep downwards on one side from the upswept front

Smooth-flowing sides move forward to half-cover the ears (*top right*). Mid-length back hair falls sleekly from the crown to swell in a roller wave at the nape. (Raymond style.) The Princess cut by Scotts (*right*), a fluid line following the curve of the head uninterruptedly as the Princess line in clothes follows the body curve

The picture (*below, right*) shows the Boomerang curl, Steiner's new coiffure line. An interpretation of his current technique, Steiner has brushed the curl into a casual uplifted style and feathered it over the brow. Short but well-groomed, a style by Alan Spiers (*bottom right*) has been cut in layers to show the well-shaped head. There is a looped fringe and a centre parting, side-burns and a smooth turn in the nape

John Cole

So young, so gay, and crowned with a bewitching pink rose. Steiner frames a smooth young brow with a gentle upsweep at the front and curls moving backwards from the temples. The back hair is smoothly shaped into curls culminating in softly-turned ends. A style for youth and a pretty brow

Robert Greene

Photographs by John Cole

Their Mutual Friends

The entertainment that children love is the same the world over. Our contributor looks at TV at home and abroad and finds a common language

By

FREDDY

BLOOM

CHRISTMAS is here again and all over the world children will be home from school, eyes shining, their whole beings glowing with excitement. For many of them television will provide a part of their holiday pleasures, and I think it's a very good thing.

Christmas is basically a religious festival, but with the years it has become more than a purely Christian celebration. The beauty that lies in the story of an infant born in a stable with a bright star shining overhead, and shepherds and kings coming to pay homage, is a beauty that is understood and appreciated by all who worship in many different ways in many different places. It forms a bond uniting mankind everywhere, and that, after all, was His main message.

In Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Holland, the United States, television will tell that story again. The words will take shape and the action will move. More than ever the tale will become real for the countless children who see it.

One of the nicest things that men and women ever did was that they made of Christmas something especially for the young. It is a children's time, and so, quite naturally, many of the Christmas programmes are for them. These programmes are doing a great thing for the boys and girls, directly and indirectly, and they are, in their own way, helping parents in guiding the development of the young.

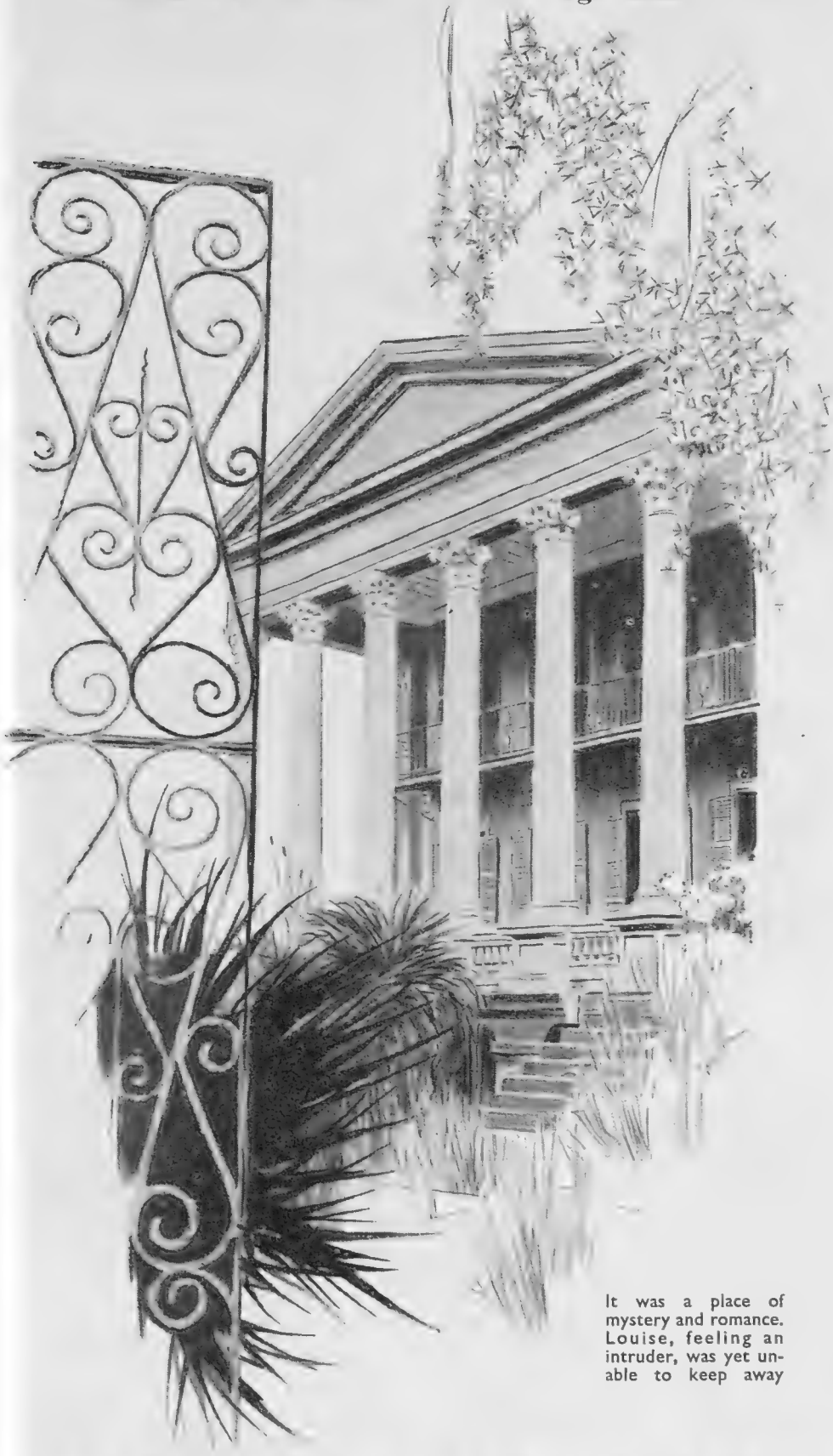
This conclusion may sound rather high-flown, but it is the result of careful consideration of the television plans in the various countries where telecasting facilities exist.

I originally studied these plans to see how they differed. What surprised me was their similarity. In Germany they did not have Mr. Turnip, but they had a little fellow called Kaspar. In Italy there was no Andy Pandy, but a slightly older and quite delightful string puppet called Giffi. Fairy stories were the same everywhere, and so were the straight-shooting, hard-hitting, soft-singing cowboys. Identical adventure films with different language sound-tracks were being shown in England, Italy and Germany.

So, though Eurovision is still in its infancy and we cannot switch our sets to Continental or American television stations, the children are all looking at more or less the same programmes. The characters seen on television become mutual friends, bonds that the children have in common. The more links we can forge to bind the people of the world, the nearer we all are to a generally harmonious existence. Even if this link is no stronger than laughter at Mickey Mouse or wonder at Roy Rogers, it is still a bond and not to be despised.

This is, of course, an indirect influence and its importance is still small, for there are not as many television sets in the whole of Europe as there are in London alone, but I look forward to doing an article (*Continued on page* 64)

Always there would be partings without explanations, always the blank wall of this strange man's reserve



It was a place of mystery and romance. Louise, feeling an intruder, was yet unable to keep away

UP AT THE SITIO

By
SHEILAH MURIEL

Illustrations by
COLEMAN

LOUISE sat hugging her knees and watching the huge green Atlantic rollers pounding up on to the white sand. At this time of the day Copacabana beach was almost deserted, for the hot Brazilian sun beat down at its fiercest, and most people preferred the shuttered coolness of their houses to the blazing beach. But Louise had been teaching all morning at the Art School, and after the stuffy overcrowded rooms she had felt the desire for fresh salt air and the wide expanses of the sea and the sky.

There before her lay the curved line of Copacabana, with its skyscraper hotels and blocks of flats gay with striped window awnings, and behind them the mountains, dwarfing the buildings, green, rounded, beautiful, lifting their proud heads to the blue sky. Whichever way you turned, Rio bay was breathtaking, there were always the mountains, the sea, curved beaches, islands and brilliant flowers.

Louise sat basking in the warmth and loveliness of it all. This afternoon I'll go to the Sitio and paint, she thought, feeling the need to get away from houses and people. Oh, the Art School was fun; she enjoyed it really. The students were all ages from kids of seventeen and eighteen, the girls with their trousers and cropped hair, the boys in their checked shirts and beards, to grandmothers of sixty-odd and ageing business men.

And there was Paul, Paul with his shock of red hair and soft American drawl. She mustn't forget that she was dining with him tonight. But this afternoon she would go to the Sitio and paint.

HAVING made up her mind Louise jumped up and began to walk up the hot white beach. Behind her a huge breaker thudded on to the shore and then drew back with a terrifying "swish." Up on the streets the heat descended again, sucking the energy from her, and she was glad to reach the flat, a large airy apartment in a big old house set back in one of the less fashionable quarters of Rio.

Once these houses had been lived in by rich families and carriages had rolled along the streets, now they were divided into two, three or more flats, and James Cloudsley, Louise's father and manager of a shipping firm, had chosen it in preference to one of the new modern flats in one of the many blocks scattered all over the quickly spreading city. It might be an unfashionable part of the town, but the pavements were lined with trees that

She would see Simon's plane take off. It would fly right over the Sitio, turn north and be gone

spread large rounds of shadow, restful and cool; people sauntered, and few cars penetrated the quiet streets.

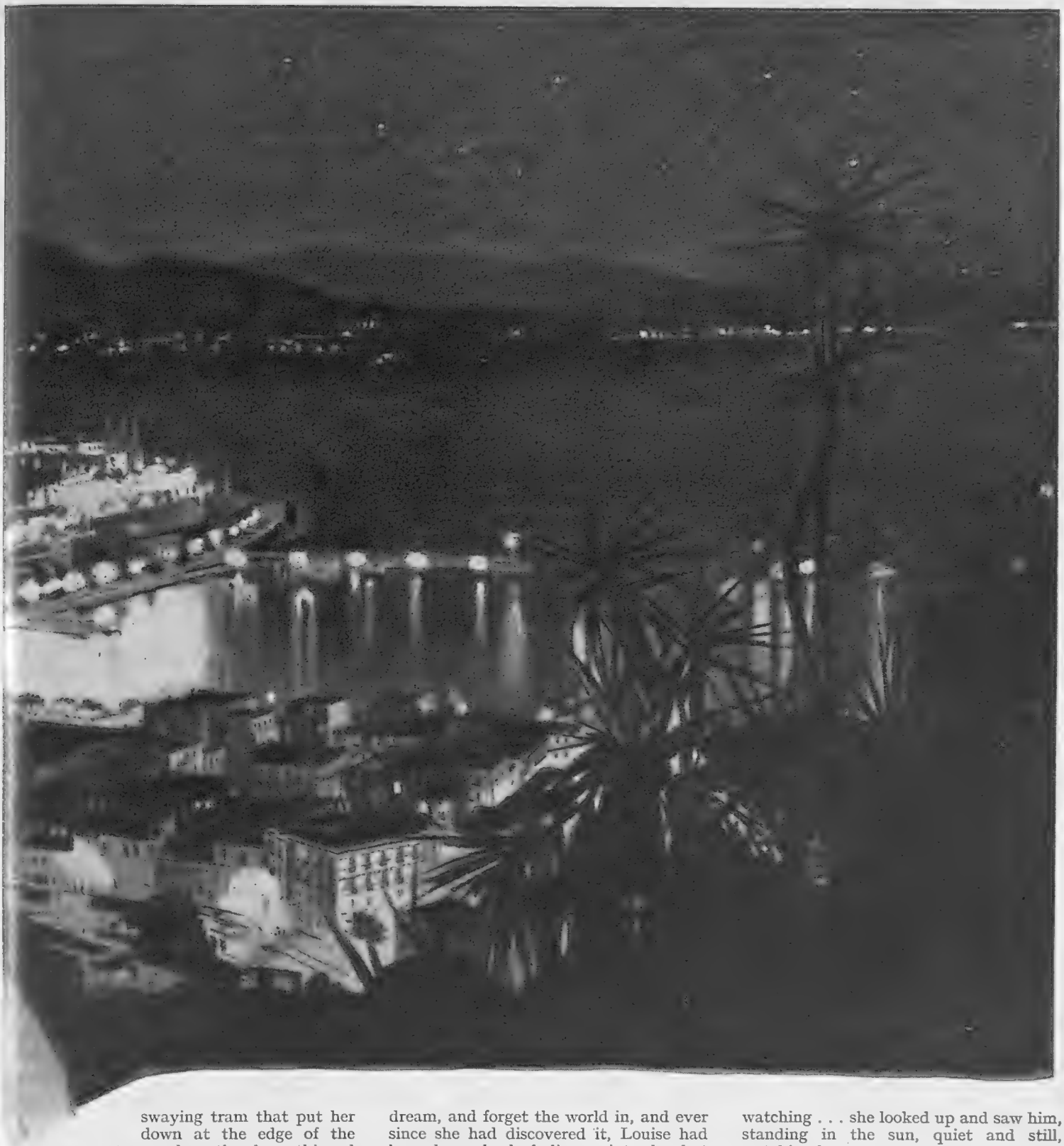
Louise ran into the living-room and called: "Florinda, any chance of some lunch? I want to go out to the Sitio and paint."

"*Si, Senhorita,*" the maid answered in the softly musical voice of a negress. In a few minutes she appeared carrying a tray which she began to unload on to the table. "The *Senhora,* your mother, has already eaten," she said. "She had an appointment with the dentist."

"Oh yes, I remember now." Louise began to eat hungrily. "Lovely salad Florinda, delicious."

The maid smiled and disappeared into the kitchen, passing under the two pastels that Louise had done of her and which hung on the white walls of the sitting-room. They had somehow caught the stately grace and gaiety of the young negress, and Louise had been pleased with them and had refused to sell them although she had had several tempting offers.

Hurriedly she finished her meal, changed into blue jeans and a clean shirt, packed up a bundle of painting materials and set out across the city in a clanging,



swaying tram that put her down at the edge of the town, where the shops thinned and the houses were surrounded by gardens and scrub. Soon she was climbing steeply, following a dust road that wound up the hill.

In half an hour she saw the Sitio gates, one swinging loose on its hinges, the fine tracery of the iron almost lost amongst the creeping vines that trailed about them, and she felt the quick surge of excitement that she always felt whenever she came here.

There was something so mysterious and romantic about the lovely Colonial style house, with its arches and paved terraces, the great towering mango tree, rounded and dark, and the overgrown garden and hill slopes where the bougainvillea covered the grey rocks with its purple and scarlet splendour.

It was a place to relax and paint and dream, and forget the world in, and ever since she had discovered it, Louise had been drawn back, feeling an intruder, but unable to keep away.

SHE settled down on one of the hill slopes above the house under a clump of feathery palms that rose high above her. Soon she was engrossed in her work, and too happy to notice the heat or the flies. An aeroplane droned noisily overhead circling upwards from the nearby airport and then vanished north following the coast; lizards rustled out from cracks in the rocks and sat basking in the sun, their unblinking beady eyes always alert for the ever present danger of snakes; somewhere a voice sang, slow, and swinging, accompanying work. Louise painted on.

Presently she became aware of a presence, the feeling seeped into her drop by drop, someone was there, near her, watching . . . she looked up and saw him, standing in the sun, quiet and still, watching her.

They stared at each other for a moment, and then Louise said: "Is there something you want?" She rinsed her brush in the jam jar of water and wiped it on a rag.

"Just because you are an artist doesn't mean you can trespass on other people's land."

"Oh you . . .?" Louise felt her cheeks burning with shame. "I'm most frightfully sorry, I thought the place was empty, I had no idea. . . ." She smiled. "I'm afraid I've been trespassing for some time, it's such a beautiful place, and it always seemed quite empty, I hope you don't mind, I don't think I've ever done any damage."

"I'd be glad if you'd go," he said severely.

Louise stared, (*Continued on page* 68)

Christmas at the Manor

by RAYMOND A. BENNETT

Illustrations by NICOLAS

The celebrations and ceremonial of Christmas in the grand manner lovingly maintained at an ancient home in Kent

ONLY one person, an Irish lady visiting the house, claims to have *seen* the ghost:

"She was frail, you understand, with a gown like winter cobwebs."

But the Jarvis family, who have been on friendly terms with the ghost for more than ten years, were polite, and undeceived. "He usually walks with the measured dignity of a gentleman," they explain, "and he is very fond of his pipe."

Identifying "Charlie" is a family game, but nothing more, and his anonymity is a respected part of the Manor House tradition. The house, formerly known as Ellis' of Chislehurst, in Kent, has taken four hundred years to graduate from seven hearths (they were taxed by Charles II), to a fifty-roomed mansion.

Of no one particular period, it is nevertheless a living part of them all, from Jacobean to Victorian, with pillars from Tewkesbury Abbey, and a study that is forever a corner of Wells Cathedral. Add to this impressive collection a staff of fifteen, and an extravagant, but discreet, system of central heating (1,000 gallons of oil are used a fortnight), and you have the perfect setting for Christmas in the Grand Manner.

For Mr. and Mrs. Jarvis, and their teen-age daughters Gillian and Valerie, Christmas begins when the rare and delicious "Bascombe's Mystery" (an apple "invented" by, and named after, one of the previous owners) is harvested; and when the head gardener, whose job it is to keep the home fires burning, lays aside the first of his carefully selected, four-foot logs.

After a lazy summer, the whole estate becomes a jumbled nursery rhyme of activity—with Father in the conservatory counting up chrysanths (there will be two hundred blooms at least, by Christmas Eve, illuminated, and interspersed with poinsettias); and Mother in the pantry, dealing out the silver—a chalice for punch, a George III tea service, a set of drinking mugs. . . .

In specially-heated cellars, an inventory of wine must be taken, and the corks of seven hundred bottles checked; upstairs, in "Queen Elizabeth's Room," Mrs. Small, the needlewoman, surrounded with velvet, lace, and a family of dummies, has the Christmas fashions to adjust.

Mother will also make out the list of guests and callers; and, with help from Askwith, the butler, juggle with an appointments book that includes everything from a family dinner of ten, to a cocktail party for one hundred and fifty.

Valerie, who is studying domestic science, takes charge of the kitchens, and with two cooks and a "help" at her disposal, she will, in addition to the normal catering of puddings and pies, prepare the York ham, roast six turkeys, and deal with an "awkward" twenty-pound length of beef.

SOONER or later, the family attention is directed to the Grand Gallery. Here is the focal point of any occasion. Forty feet high, this mainly Gothic hall has an overhanging balcony, and a staircase that puts the fashionable "constructions in space" to shame. With unexpected "wings," and "bridges" to connect the various landings, it is the favourite haunt of "Charlie," who uses it on his way from the panelled Walsingham Room to the octagonal study on the first floor (he lifts the wooden latch, opens the door, and "disappears"); a favourite, too, of Gregory, the Cairn, who enjoys bouncing a ball from stair to stair. A huge fireplace, constantly in use, dispels any sense of formality, and gives, in addition, a spacious welcome to the sweep, with steps up the chimney, and a heartening inscription:

"Welcome by day; Welcome by nyght
Ye smyle of a friend Y's a ray of light."

Personal responsibilities are put to one side, and the entire household will set about arranging the frills and furbelows of Christmas: ledges and archways froth and sparkle with greenery and minute silver bells; multi-coloured ribbon and fairy lights trail the length of corridors; ancient pillars become spirals of evergreen and berries . . . while a thirty-foot Christmas tree, dressed with tinsel, frost, and coloured lamps, is kept "burning" night and day, so that the Old People, in the Home opposite, may see it through the giant window.

(*Continued on page* 74)

On Christmas Eve the "waits," some thirty strong and complete with lanterns, are ushered into the great galleried hall . . .

Terylene lace mesh with an all-over pattern, fine, strong, warm to the touch, in mink, the Parisian colour, practical yet sophisticated, makes the short nightdress, *left*, and frilly bedcape. By Supalene, the nightdress, trimmed permanent pleats and net frills, about £3, the bedcape, trimmed net frills, about £1 5s. at Bentalls, Kingston ; Brown Muff, Bradford. Also in ivory, peach, sky, and lilac. Demure "gaiety girl" pyjamas, *below*, in rayon crêpe with pleated nylon yoke, narrow lace frills and slotted ribbon. In peach, ivory, blue, with white yoke. By Lido Lingerie, about £1 15s. at Fenwicks, New Bond Street ; The London Drapery Stores, Birmingham

Gay short pyjamas in Dunkley's striped cotton plissé, *left*, trimmed with ric-rac braid : stripes and braid in sky, pale green, rose, lilac or gold on a white ground. By Stockleigh, £1 5s. 11d. at Sinclair, 118, Baker Street ; Binns, Sunderland. For the youngest member of the family, a sleeping suit, *above*, which will keep every inch of him warm. In sky-blue and pink fast colours : sizes to fit babies from six months to 2½ years old. By Ladybird, about 9s. 11d. (spare leggings, 4s. 11d. a pair) at Swan & Edgar, Piccadilly Circus ; Lewis provincial shops

VERY PERSONAL PRESENTS

Four foundations of elegance : *above, left :* Bra, in embroidered nylon, which lifts and rounds the bosom, and high-waisted girdle which has an elastic panel embroidered to match the sides. By Court Royal, in white, the bra £1 3s. 6d., the girdle £3 9s. 6d. at Libertys, Regent Street ; Eden Lily, Cambridge. Strapless plunge-line bra, *below, left*, in needlerun black lace lined with pink, and having plushed seams. Supple girdle to trim waist and hips with Trubenized non-roll top and front panel of nylon voile. By Corsets Silhouette, the bra £1 2s. 6d., the belt £2 9s. 6d. at Peter Jones, Sloane Square, London ; Rowntrees, Scarborough

Without foundations, there can be no fashion—and a corselet is the basic necessity for this winter's sheath dresses and tunic coats. The strapless version, *above, right*, sculptured and low-backed, is made in strong black or white net with nylon front panel and lace cups. By Au Fait, 6 gns. at Harrods. The same corselet with pantie legs is £7 19s. 6d. Corselet with straps, *below, right*, entirely made of nylon jacquard elastic net, the bust sections in embroidered nylon marquisette : the ideal foundation for all-day wear—you put it on and forget it. By Lily of France, £8 15s. at Selfridges, Oxford Street, W.1 ; Bon Marche, Liverpool

Christmas Duet

On Christmas morning, the daughter wears a bright green jumper suit in jersey, *far left*, by St. Margaret's, £4 19s. 6d. at Morrisons Shops. Shoes: Miss Bally "Billiton" in tan, red or black, £4 19s. 6d. at the London Shoe Co., Bond Street. Her mother's two-piece, *on the right*, is in beige colour-flecked wool jersey, dress and jacket both lined with shantung. By Bernella, about 15 gns. at Mme. Macmillan, 17, Beauchamp Place, S.W.3. Shoes: Mona Lisa by Bally in brown, black or bitter orange, 8 gns. at Fanchon, Old Bond Street, W.1. For the evening, the seventeen-year-old daughter chooses a young dress, *centre, left*, in holly green organza threaded with Lurex stripes. By Susan Small, about 11½ gns. at Derry & Toms; Handley, Southsea. She carries with it a white bag also glittering with gold Lurex, £2 5s. 11d. at Dolcis shops. Her mother wears a draped dinner dress, *centre, right*, in "Tudor rose" Celanese jersey: by Susan Small, about 14 gns. at Helena, Putney; Nola, Buxton

Any woman would love to wear this ribbon-threaded frilly petticoat, *top*, in " Candyfloss Cotton," Dunkley's new Everglaze sheer, crisp, opaque, easy to tub, and crease-resistant. In pale blue, pink or ivory, £2 9s. 6d. at Fenwicks, New Bond Street. The tweed pinafore dress, *below*, would be a versatile present for the teenager, as in daytime it can be worn over a shirt, while jewellery makes it into a party dress. By St. Margarets, £2 12s. 6d. at Morrisons Shops. Her jersey cap would be welcomed even by those who usually go hatless. £1 10s. at Agmar, 54, Queensway, W.2

For chronic umbrella-losers—here is one that can be slipped into a shopping bag, and is easy to fold, even for the duffer at mechanics. Made by Growy, it comes in many designs: this one, with gilt handle, is 4 gns. at Harrods, Knightsbridge; Kendal Milne, Manchester. Others are priced from £2 12s. 6d. Leather gloves that will wash without stiffening, by the British Glove Association at Lewis provincial shops, 19s. 11d. An exotic, jewel-toned stole, hand-woven in stripes of lustrous Lurex, 5 gns., made to order, from Mrs. Doudney, Rose Vine Hotel, Porthscatho, Cornwall.

ATMOSPHERICS

Trimmings for the occasion and how to make them

10

11

12

13

1 Surprise cracker. Instructions and diagram are on page 80.

2 Candlelight. Fix 4-in. piece of dowel rod upright on centre of three 4-in.-round cardboard discs. Stand cracker over dowel pin. Cut out and paint cardboard flame with tail and fix on top of cracker. Scatter base with glitter.

3 Fir-tree cigarette-holder is an amusing idea. Turn to page 80 for instructions and diagram.

4 Tie short pieces of holly on to a length of string to make a garland. Hang in loops on walls and at the top of each loop tie large bow from which glass balls are suspended.

5 Cover parcel with crêpe paper and then with matching cellophane. Using ribbon, tie two crackers together with a massed bow on top.

6 Table centre—square Swedish long-burning candle centred among crackers strung together into a tight circle.

7 To hang from ceiling—take two equal pieces of wood, each with small hole in centre and thread together on a string with bead in between. Suspend glass balls attached to soft wire at various lengths. Hang the decoration up with soft wire which has been twined around the centre of the top piece of wood and cover wire with ribbon bow.

8 Arrange branches of twigs in vase or bottle. Hang on Christmas cards by threading through the corner with needle and cotton.

9 Table centre. In middle of a pin flower-holder fix a tall candle and surround it with fir cones, glass balls, holly or fir.

10 Ceiling decoration. Branches of yew or fir trimmed to neat shape, twisted and bound into circle 14-in. diameter. Attach four pieces of ribbon equally around circle and tie ends into a bow. Fix four candles in fir branches between the ribbon.

11 Decorative parcel easy to do. Instructions and diagram on page 80.

12 Christmas posy. Make a short-stemmed bunch of holly, mistletoe, fir and small flowers tied together with a bow. In centre of silver paper doyley cut a hole and thread stems through it pulling the doyley up to make frill

13 You need: wide-necked bottle, coloured candles, and glass balls attached to soft wire. Mix Alabastine into stiff ball and place on top of bottle. Tie paper around bottle neck to keep Alabastine in place. While still pliable stick candles in at angles with glass balls bending over bottle. Fill in base with holly sprigs. Take off paper when Alabastine is hard and tie ribbon bow around neck.

DINING OUT IN VICTORIAN LONDON

By P. M. DIXON

IMAGINE that your beau is taking you out for a Christmas celebration dinner in London and has selected, shall we say, Claridges as a suitable luxurious place for you. When your escort is presented with the bill you will, of course, be inspecting the view elsewhere, but if, out of the corner of your eye, you were to glimpse the total under an edge of the folded bill you might consider £3 12s. not unreasonable for such a place, if not exactly cheap.

Well, dining out *en prince* in modern London is a costly business and always was by current standards. But let us look at these standards.

If your beau had dined and wined you at Claridges in Victorian London and the bill had been the same you would still have thought it extremely steep. And yet £3 12s. is exactly what Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis paid to wine and dine his lady friend there in 1898. I know, because the gallant Colonel recorded in minute detail a whole series of dinners at London restaurants at the end of the last century which were published in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of the period and subsequently in book form in 1901.

I found this fascinating volume * in a second-hand bookshop the other day and have been engrossed in it ever since.

His account of this *tête-à-tête* dinner at Claridges—incidentally, the most expensive meal recorded among sixty or more—made me curious as to how I would fare today at the same restaurant for the same money. Here is the answer: take a lady to dine and you may enjoy—

La Coupe de Crevettes
Lamb Cutlets
Pommes Sautees — Petits Pois
La Salade de Fruits

With a bottle of St. Emilion the total, for the two of you, will be

When the Colonel wined and dined his lady at Claridges in 1898 the bill came to £3 12s.—including champagne and liqueurs and coffee

* "Dinners and Diners." By Lieut.-Colonel Newnham-Davis. Published 1901 by Grant Richards

"Dined at one time or another at every hotel and restaurant in London in 1898"

£3 10s. 6d.—or if the lady has coffee, £3 12s. 6d. Fair enough. But what did the Colonel and his guest get for their money in 1898? I will tell you.

Hors d'Oeuvre Variés

Crême Princesse

Sole d'Aumale

Poulet de Grain à la Carifiron

Délice de Jambon frappé au Champagne

Becassine Flambée Empire

Salade d'Endive

Asperges Anglaises à la d'Yvette

Bombe Claridge
Petits Fours

On top of this (and all in the stated price) the happy couple consumed a bottle of Veuve Clicquot champagne, two liqueurs and two coffees. Yes, they really dined in 1898.

In his vivid description of this meal, the Colonel leaves no detail unmentioned.

"The right touch of grandeur is given in the *portecochère*," (he wrote), "where the roadway is paved with indiarubber so that even the horses shall go softly, and where the pavement is of marble."

And again: "It takes a great number of men—six, I think—to open the doors of Claridge's and to show the visitor into the hall."

The Colonel's guest wore a sable cloak, it seems. But when it comes to describing her dress, the Colonel, man-like, is a little vague—"a dress of delicate black lace over some soft white material."

He was not unobservant however of the pearls she wore and the sparkle of diamonds amid the lace.

The restaurant is described with care: "A dignified room, draped with deep red curtains and purple *portières*" (rather an indigestible combination I would have thought) with . . . "chairs with morocco backs of vermilion with the arms of the hotel stamped on them in gold. The room is panelled in dark oak and there is soft music." Well, perhaps £3 12s. for such a dinner in such a setting isn't too steep after all.

But what, I wonder, would it cost to indulge the same exotic menu in 1955. I have inquired and I can tell you that it would set you back £15 12s.

The Colonel's bill came out as follows: Two couverts, 2s.; the hors d'oeuvre, the soup, 4s., and the sole, 4s. 6d.; the chicken for two was 12s.; the mousse of ham, 4s. 6d.; the snipe cost 10s.; the salad, 1s. 6d.; asparagus, 8s.; ice, 3s.; coffee, 2s.; liqueurs, 3s. 6d.; champagne, 15s.

Today, this dinner would cost £5 each; the champagne, £2 19s.; the liqueurs, 9s.; and the coffee for two, 4s.

Looking through the Colonel's book which has the sub-title, "Where and How to Dine in London," (*Continued on page* 64)

"A suitable but not inexpensive place to take maiden aunts to dine"

It was the miracle he had

prayed for—but it

happened in quite a different way . . .

St. Patrick's Tree

By MAXINE LANE

Illustration by SHERBORNE

MR. GARCIA went out on to the back porch to have a look at the weather. The wind had risen; it tore across the barn, prying at the hard-packed snow; it sang through the fir-tree at the edge of the yard and shook the bushes in a swirling fury. The sky was grey and the odd slant of light told Mr. Garcia that there would be new snow falling soon.

Mr. Garcia frowned, pulling the frayed woollen muffler closer about his thin throat. Even a few years back, he could have gone into the woods to cut Jimmy's Christmas-tree alone, but now he stood feeling an unfamiliar futility, aware of the lack in his arms and legs. The snow would start before Jimmy had finished cutting firewood for Mrs. Phillips—and the wind had the feel and direction of a heavy storm.

Thinking ahead to Jimmy's disappointment, if they couldn't cut the tree today, Mr. Garcia sighed. He felt, in a strange way, a sudden telescoping of the many years he had lived and saw himself young again, eager and bright-eyed as Jimmy was now and so he could feel the shining anticipation the boy knew; he could feel the high heart of Jimmy as he imagined how the tree would look in the new church for the Christmas programme and on Christmas Eve. Jimmy's gift to the people in the valley and the hills around that said Jimmy and his mother were grateful for what people had done for them after their house burnt down; that said, too, that Jimmy could give something in return. Even the trimmings Jimmy had bought himself. And he had paid Mr. Garcia long before this for the tree by helping with the chores.

Though Christmas was still two weeks away, the programme was tomorrow night. They should have cut the tree before this. Mr. Garcia should have heeded the warning that lay deep inside him, but Jimmy had wanted the tree to stay as fresh and green as possible for Christmas Eve services, when the minister came again. So Mr. Garcia had laid aside his doubts and said that the day before the programme would be just right for cutting. Now the first real smothering blizzard was forming and Jimmy's tree not cut and Mr. Garcia himself to blame.

St. Patrick, the fat, lazy squirrel, who had come to live with Mr. Garcia skittered out of the barn and over to the fir-tree. He sat on his hind legs on a lower branch, his front feet clasped together, scolding mildly.

"Come along," Mr. Garcia said, chuckling, holding the door open while the squirrel hurried inside the cosy kitchen. St. Patrick sat with his great bushy tail pushed flat against the door and Mr. Garcia took off his jacket and muffler, waiting until the squirrel quietened and adjusted himself to the loud, greeting "Awk" of the ragged old parakeet. March, the cat, licked her paw, swiped at her whiskers, then rose with dignity and stretched her way across the kitchen.

WHEN St. Patrick had assured himself that the kitchen was the same as always and that the parakeet and cat were still his friends, he scratched along the linoleum and sat waiting while Mr. Garcia lifted the basket of nuts and corn from the shelf beside the stove.

Above the squirrel's noisy crackings and the parakeet's busy, hospitable squawking, Mr. Garcia could hear the wind pushing at the little house, keening around the doors and windows. Even if the storm held off for another hour or so, they couldn't make it to the third hill to the east to cut the tree Jimmy had set his heart on.

It was a beautiful tree, thick-branched and evenly grown from its full acquaintance with the sun. Mr. Garcia could see clearly now the pride that had shone in Jimmy's fine dark eyes when he had found at last the perfect tree and (*Continued on page 73*)

Sherborne

By WINIFRED STIVENS

I looked at my SON

. . . and prayed that the inspiration of Christmas and of little children be with us all the days of our lives

I LOOKED at my son at the moment of his birth and I eagerly accepted my place with the mothers of all the sons in the world.

I looked at him the day he started school wearing his ridiculously large cap and his too-big blazer and knew, a little sadly, that his long march to manhood had begun in earnest.

I have looked at my son with fear while he soared to outer space in the top of a pear tree ; with anguish while he burned on a sick-bed ; with weariness while he coated himself from head to toe in snow and mud and jam and paint. . . . And with anger, too.

But as I look at my son this Christmas, all the small boys in all the world—and all the small girls, too—look back at me out of his eyes.

This is the special look that my son and yours—and our daughters—wear on their faces on Christmas Day : the look that comes of innocence and wonder, of being cherished and seeing the miracles that are everywhere in the clear-seeing eyes of a child.

This is the expression we see first at the dawn of Christmas—that very special dawn that has us all awake before the stars have properly paled out of the sky and before the Day has any right to be there at all.

I'm inclined to think that at a magical leaping moment between Christmas Eve and Christmas Day, a tremor runs through Mother Earth and she knows that her winter travail will soon be over and new life is on the way. Be that as it may, the world springs to life in its children there in the cold and the soft grey gloom. A leap and a shout and burning bright eyes and squirming fingers and there they are—blanket-warm from their beds and heart-warm from the love with which they are enfolded for the greatest of all their days.

Oh, that the dawn would always come with so much promise and enthusiasm, that we, too, could greet each day with the simple faith of a child.

Then as he thrusts his hands into the bulging pillow-case, our Christmas-child will tell us how he saw "Father Christmas in his red coat and his shining white beard . . . and my big red engine was sticking out the top of his sack!" And just then we remember, very privately and secretly, that on the shopping spree during Christmas week, he said, "Isn't it funny how Father Christmas is always at Fortridge's and Selfson's and Gamworth's just when we are!" (*Continued on page* 80)

" . . . of innocence and wonder of being cherished and seeing the miracles that are everywhere"

The Toby is as English as the parish church or cricket on the green and this is the history of his long life

a fine FIGURE OF A MAN

In the photograph above is a group of early figure jugs dating from about 1730. The lower picture (*right*) shows the Prince Hal, the finest Toby Jug known. Alongside it is a rather crude jug of Sir Winston Churchill

By LORD MACKINTOSH OF HALIFAX

The author holding a typical example of a Toby Jug

Photograph by Caradog Williams

ALL sorts of people collect all sorts of things, but I collect Toby Jugs. It all began with buying one or two to go with old furniture and with never a thought about making a hobby of it.

Fortunately my first jugs were the best of their kind —that is they were made two hundred years ago in Burslem, Staffordshire. Their lovely soft, translucent glazes quickly won my heart and I began to take them seriously and to learn all I could of them from books, dealers and museums.

The first figure jugs (five are illustrated on the left) were made as early as 1730, again in Staffordshire, but the model which all the world knows and has known for two hundred years as the Toby Jug, was probably first made by a family of peasant potters in about 1750. Wood was the name of the family— Father Ralph and his son of the same name, and later a nephew Enoch Wood carried on the tradition well into the nineteenth century.

I will not go into technicalities here except to say that the best jugs were made from 1750–80. These original jugs have a wonderful translucent colour glaze so that the light shines through as it does in lovely stained glass.

About 1780 the potters found that it was easier to put the colour under a white lead glaze, and from this time jugs are still interesting but have lost much of their charm. By about 1800 enamel colours had been introduced. These were cheaper and easier to produce. In these the colour is outside the glaze and the original lovely glazes have gone. It is, in fact, no longer strictly a glaze, but rather a painted surface. Despite all this the modelling was still good and continued to be so until almost the middle of the nineteenth century when even this declined. Examples of these three periods are shown together in the black and white illustrations.

I am often asked what is the fascination of the Toby Jug and it is difficult to say, except that first of all it is so thoroughly English. It suggests good cheer and good company, and is as English as the parish church, the village inn and cricket on the green.

I SUPPOSE the Toby Jug is far and away the most popular piece of pottery that this country has produced. There are probably more Toby Jugs in the homes of England today than any other form of pottery. They are not only bought by serious collectors, but even more by people who like to have old things about them and one or two Toby Jugs seem at home in any room of any period or none.

Most people think that Toby Jugs were originally made to be drunk out of—I doubt it. Have you ever tried to drink out of one of those three-cornered hats? Of course, originally they all had a loose crown to their hat—a lid made in the crude form of a mug which might conceivably have been used to pour the ale into from the jug—but I doubt it. I think they were always made as a happy and cheerful ornament for the old court cupboard or the chimney piece and no doubt they were favourites in the inns of good old England.

What of their value? The best of them were originally sold for a few shillings and by comparison their present-day value makes inflation look mild.

The earlier jugs made by Ralph Wood are the most sought after, and a good example that has survived the centuries intact will be worth one thousand times its original value. The later jugs made in the first half of the nineteenth century are well worth collecting and only a quarter the price of a good Ralph Wood jug.

So far I have been writing of what everyone knows as the Ordinary Model Toby Jug which is familiar to everyone and shown in the three illustrations on this page. But there were many variants of this, and I have in my collection the Sailor Jug depicting a sailor of the pre-Nelson days seated on his sea-chest: a Lord Howe Jug depicting Admiral Howe sat on a barrel with a spaniel at his feet: a Squire Jug with his long churchwarden pipe: the Thin Man which his name adequately describes, and the only Toby Jug of a woman, Martha Gunn (that notorious Brighton character of Georgian days), who in the Toby Jug sports the Prince of Wales's feathers for she is reputed to have taught George IV to swim as a child: many other models add interest and variety to collecting.

Perhaps the finest jug in existence is my Prince Hal Jug (pictured on the opposite page), which is nearly twice the height of a normal Toby. It was made by Ralph Wood at the height of his craft but in this case the modeller was a Frenchman named Voyez. He took the traditional English Toby Jug and gave us in this model a Frenchman's conception of it. I believe that this example is unique. As a contrast this jug is shown in the illustration alongside a quite modern jug of Sir Winston Churchill, by comparison a very crude affair.

Most of the Toby Jugs made for sale in this country during the last one hundred years have been rather shoddy affairs and not worthy of any collector's interest, but there have been *(Continued on page 74)*

All the Toby Jugs shown on these two pages are from the collection of Lord Mackintosh of Halifax. The soft translucent glaze which is a feature of a good Toby Jug is apparent in the colour pictures on the opposite page. The three jugs immediately above show three periods of glaze

PEOPLE often keep things to remind them of this or that. I keep a Christmas Rose to remind me of the havoc that jealousy can so easily create.

The flower is brown and brittle now. It has been pressed between the pages of a book for seven years. But when Mark picked it and gave it to me on our honeymoon, there was magic in its fragile loveliness.

I was only eighteen when Mark and I were married. Mark was twenty-nine. I'd never bothered about the difference in our ages. Things like that are unimportant when two people are in love.

I had just the sort of wedding that most girls hope for. A white wedding with all the trimmings. The reception was held at my grandmother's flat as the rooms in my parents' house were too small to hold the hundred odd guests in comfort.

All the arrangements for the ceremony and reception went without a hitch. When the time came for me to change into my going-away clothes I felt light-headed with happiness. But I was tired, too, and I knew that it wouldn't take much to make me cry and thus make a fool of myself. I badly needed a short time on my own, to get a grip on myself and sort myself out emotionally.

For that reason I refused all the pressing offers to come and help me get ready. I just had to be alone.

The bedroom that I was using at my grandmother's flat was half of what had once been a double reception room. The other half, then used as a breakfast-room, was the room in which all our wedding presents had been set out for everyone to see. The two halves of the big room were separated only by wooden doors through which sound carried easily. Too easily.

I had slipped off my wedding-dress and was re-doing my face when two women went into the next room to look at the presents. I didn't recognize their voices but that was not surprising as I had previously met few of the guests invited by Mark. After all, I had only known Mark himself for ten months.

"They've had some wonderful presents," said one of the women. My heart warmed towards her.

"Yes," agreed the other. "But, you know, Barbara, I can't help feeling that the thought of Mark marrying that kid is pathetic, somehow. After all, he's nearly thirty and she's scarcely out of the schoolroom."

"H'mm ! Maybe you're right. Especially when one remembers Vicki.

"The thought of Mark marrying that kid is pathetic, somehow," I overheard her say

I should have told Mark. I should have had faith

The Christmas Rose

By PAULINE DUVAL

Illustrations by TANAT JONES

He'll notice an enormous difference."

"Of course he will. That's exactly what I mean. Vicki is so gay and glamorous, such an outstanding personality in every way. I've got a feeling he's going to be bored to tears with this little Julie in next to no time. She's pretty, of course, but can she hold a man who is so much more mature and experienced than herself?"

I stared at my reflection in the looking-glass in an unbelieving sort of way. These strange women couldn't be talking about Mark—and me. They're discussing some other friends of theirs, I thought. I must cough, or make a noise, to let them know I'm here and that I can hear every word they say.

But of course I didn't. Jealousy was already leering malevolently over my shoulder.

"How is Vicki, these days, Sandra?" asked the woman called Barbara. "Do you see much of her?"

"Not much. She and Roddie move in very exalted circles you know. They must have lashings of money. Her clothes, when I do see her, are always marvellous. So are her furs and jewels and—well, everything."

The other giggled.

"Some compensation, no doubt, for the loss of Mark. She was crazy about him, wasn't she?"

"No more crazy about him than he was about her," replied Sandra. "But she told me that he was such a terrible womanizer that she simply couldn't go on with the engagement. This poor girl's in for a worrying time unless he's changed an awful lot."

"Well, one couldn't imagine two more different types than Vicki and Julia," mused Barbara. "The one tall and red-headed and the other small and dark. I wonder why he's married her?"

"Oh, that's easy enough to understand. He feels it's time to settle down and you have to admit that Julia is thoroughly suitable. Good family, and all that, and fairly tractable I imagine. Inexperience is sometimes——"

"Ssh!" said Barbara quickly. "Here come some more people to see the presents."

GENERAL chatter broke out in the next room but I sat on feeling sick and oddly empty. Suddenly nothing was happy and exciting any more. The whole business of Mark and me—our engagement, our wedding—was a sham. These women who had known him far longer than I had, had said so. He was only marrying me because it was a suitable match. It was this unknown Vicki whom he loved. And even her many charms hadn't been enough to keep him from chasing other women so my hopes of a happy and contented married life were laughable.

In the end, my mother and chief bridesmaid came to find out what was happening to me. I was still sitting on the dressing-table stool. I felt incapable of action of any sort.

"Julia, my darling," said my mother, "do you feel all right? You look so pale."

"Oh, yes," I replied wearily. "I'm fine. Just tired."

"Well do hurry up, dear. Everyone's waiting to see you off. I should put a little rouge on if I were you."

Mechanically I finished dressing and mechanically I entered into all the frivolities traditionally accepted as part of the send-off of a newly married couple.

Mark quickly sensed that something was wrong, however. I was very conscious of his anxious glances from time to time.

"You don't feel ill or anything do you, dearest?" he asked when, at last, we were on our own.

"Ill!" I exclaimed, and laughed. It was an unconvincing laugh though, even to my own ears. "Of course I'm not ill. I've had too much champagne that's all," I lied.

Mark raised his eyebrows and said nothing. Vicki, I told myself, had probably been able to drink buckets of champagne without any ill-effect whatsoever. The comparison between us had begun!

From then on Vicki became an obsession with me. I fancied some reference to her in Mark's every remark.

Until then it had been so wonderful to be in love with Mark. To touch his hand across a dinner-table, to meet his eyes in a crowded room, to feel his arms around me when we were alone.

NOW everything was changed. He had done all these things with Vicki, not to mention all the other girls whose existence had been hinted at by Sandra. Vicki was by far the most worrying, however. Vicki, who wasn't just out of the schoolroom and who had glamour and sophisticated charm.

As we were married in January, Mark and I went to Switzerland for a winter sports honeymoon. Mark, though no expert—or so he said—was very fond of ski-ing and I had long wanted to learn. We had both been against going to one of the larger, crowded, winter-sports centres and we finally decided on a small hotel in a comparatively quiet village.

"Like it, darling?" asked Mark when we arrived.

"Like it!" I exclaimed, gazing entranced at the snow-covered peaks outlined against a sky of deep, burning blue, "I think it's perfect." I had even forgotten Vicki for the moment.

"I thought you would," said Mark in a pleased way.

in him and his love for me . . .

Ugly suspicion darted into my mind.

"Then you've been here before?"

"Yes. Once. A long time ago. I'd never forgotten how lovely it was then though. But I didn't want to tell you I'd been here or describe the place to you in case it had been changed and spoiled."

"Did you come alone?"

Mark glanced at me, his blue eyes amused.

"As it happened I didn't. I came here for the day from St. Moritz, with a party."

I could have wept. The fiercest wave of jealousy that I had yet experienced swept over me. Vicki, of course, had been among if not "the" party!

"I hope you enjoyed yourself," I said shortly.

"Yes, I did. Very much," said Mark but the amused look disappeared from his eyes.

I began to hate myself for the way in which I was behaving. Yet I didn't seem to have the will-power to be different.

If Mark told me that I looked nice in anything, I imagined that he was being patronizing. If he failed to remark on my appearance I felt that he just wasn't interested.

I should, of course, have told Mark about the conversation that I'd overheard. I should have had faith in him and his love for me. But, just as a person who fancies himself sick is afraid to go to a doctor lest he should hear bad news, so was I afraid to ask Mark about Vicki.

"Look," he said, "it's a wild Christmas Rose"

Day by day I brooded about her and day by day my jealousy increased.

And where before I had been all eagerness to learn to ski, on my honeymoon I was infuriated to discover that Mark was a far better ski-er than he had led me to believe.

"Cheer up, my darling," he said in reply to my unreasonable grumblings on the subject. "A few days on the nursery slopes with Hans and we'll be able to go off on some little jaunts of our own."

"Nursery slopes!" I repeated bitterly. "Most appropriate, I'm sure, for one only just out of the schoolroom!"

"Julia," said Mark gently, taking my hands in his, "what's the matter? You're not talking and acting a bit like your usual self. Has anything upset you?"

"Don't be silly! I'm perfectly all right. It is rather maddening, though, to see you dashing off all over the place on your skis and not be able to come with you. Anyway, it must be boring for you to have a wife who can't ski."

"What rot, darling! Of course it isn't."

"Oh, well, maybe it isn't so boring for you as it is for me. There are usually several attractive girls included in your ski-parties. Most of the people on the nursery slopes are under fourteen or over forty. I think I shall have to make a pass at Hans himself. He's fascinating! I hear that lots of the women fall for him."

With a look of hurt bewilderment Mark left our room without another word. I flung myself on the bed and cried bitterly. It's the end, I thought. We're all washed up, almost before we've begun. And it's all my fault.

"No, it isn't," said the little devil inside me. "It's Mark's and Vicki's. Don't be so soft!"

"I suppose," said Mark that same evening, "that you don't object to my taking part in a ski-race tomorrow?"

"Why should I object? I'm well known for my tractability," I replied off-handedly.

I shall never forget the anguish of that night. Mark and I behaved almost like strangers to each other. Polite strangers. And in the lonely darkness, before I finally fell asleep, an imaginary Vicki tossed back a mane of red-gold hair and pointed a scarlet-tipped finger at me with derision.

"Fancy thinking that Mark was ever in love with you," she said. "It's me he wanted to marry. Me! Not you!"

The following morning I was awake before Mark. I sat up in bed and gazed over at him—my week-old husband—and my heart ached with love and longing. He looked so handsome lying there. He was gloriously tanned. Most fair men, I thought, turned brick-red when they were exposed to a lot of sun. Not Mark, though.

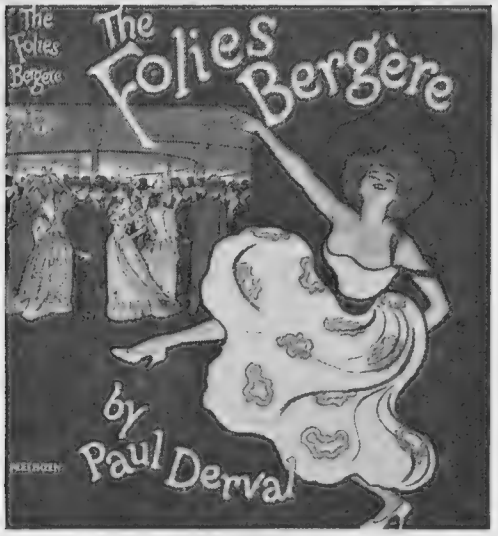
"I love you, my darling," I whispered. "If only you love me half as much. If only there had never been a Vicki."

It was a marvellous day. There had been a fresh fall of snow in the night and everything in sight was pure, dazzling white. The sky was cloudless.

"Perfect morning for the race," said Mark, very formally, as we dressed in our ski-clothes. "I mustn't forget to take my dark glasses as I did yesterday though."

But Mark did forget his dark glasses after all. He came third in the race but by the time he had completed the course, his eyes were so inflamed that he could scarcely see.

(*Continued on page 76*)



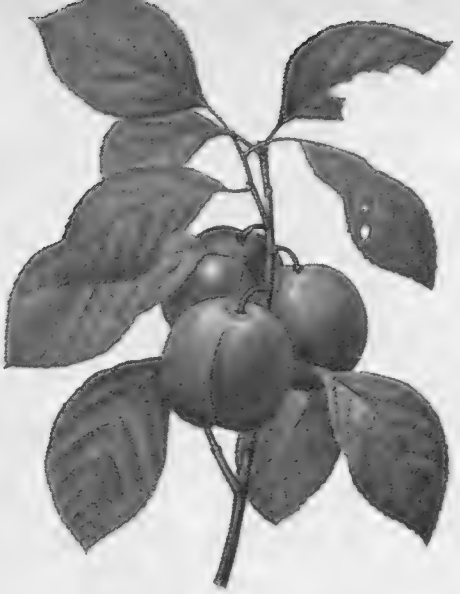
"The Folies Bergère" (Methuen, 12s. 6d.), the entertaining story of this French institution, written by its director Paul Derval, with anecdotes about Mistinguett, Josephine Baker, and others

DECEMBER

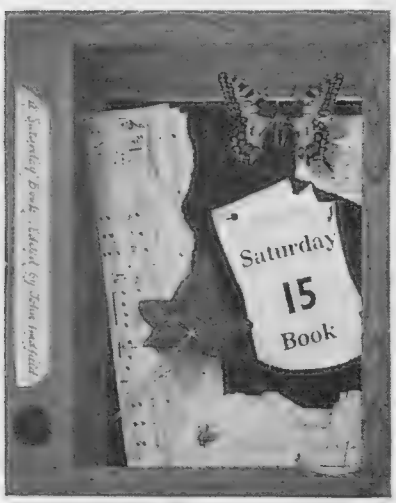
Reading

By

TREVOR ALLEN



A follow-up to Pierre-Joseph Redouté's "Roses," **"Fruits And Flowers."** Superb reproduction in colour of twenty-four selected plates from the artist's original folio. General edition 30s., bound in full linen, 45s. (Ariel Press).

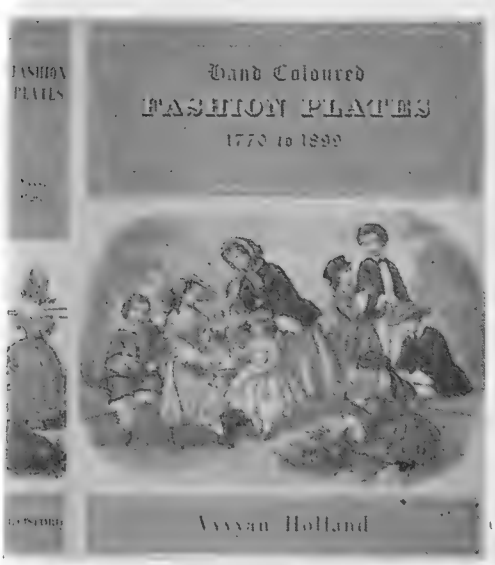


Another delightful Saturday book (the fifteenth) edited by John Hadfield (Hutchinson, 25s.)—a joy for almost every member of the family with its collection of unusual and fascinating articles

ARMCHAIR travel is a good buy for Christmas, when most of us are firesiders ready to do a little roaming by proxy. And how the ladies do get around these days to divert us! All middle-aged Janet Hedderwick did was to fly off on a three months' trip to see a niece in Sydney, with two weeks in New Zealand on the way home. The people she met were ordinary folk, not V.I.P.s. What they told her she did not even trouble to check. If they were wrong, she says in **"Back In Three Months"** (Hutchinson, 16s.), she passes the buck to them, thanking them for their patience with her interminable questions. Her inconsequent humour gets going on her fellow-passengers, who included "a very large, very black young man who brought a brief faint glow of interest to our lack-lustre eyes by not knowing the difference between Ladies and Gents."

Ray Dorien's Canadian contacts were mostly ordinary, too, except for a visit to Mrs. Evelyn Richardson who wrote *We Bought An Island*. On landing at Halifax, Nova Scotia, she made for the Y.W.C.A. (safety first). Later, when she saw the Y.M.C.A., she wished she could have stayed there instead—but only, she hastens to add, for the view! She was a punctual traveller, always too early for trains—like an aunt who was so anxious not to miss a train that she always went by the previous one. One fellow-traveller, a mother of two, sighed: "Gee, I hope I don't have any more children. They're such an anxiety," then said she was so depressed she must have something to read, got out at a stop and bought a book of love stories. "But it's all pictures, in strips, like the comics," Miss Dorien exclaimed. "There's no reading." "Yeah, there is," the mother replied, pointing indignantly to the "balloons" escaping from the characters' mouths and the short captions. I'm glad Miss Dorien doesn't write in balloons, for **"Venturing to Canada"** (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.) is a lively, natural account of her six-months' tour, not forgetting the "sights."

U.S. flyer Jacqueline Cochran certainly gets around—and aloft, too. Thrice she has penetrated the sound barrier—once from nearly 50,000 feet up in a Sabre-jet, diving vertically almost wing-tip to wing-tip with Major "Chuck" Yeager of the U.S. Air Force as "a sort of supersonic duet." Organizing U.S. women pilots to serve with our Air Transport Auxiliary during the war is one of many vital jobs she records in an exultant autobiography written with husband Floyd Odlum as "wingman": **"The Stars At Noon"** (Hale, 15s.).

Leonard Cottrell had none of her pioneering *(Continued on page 78)*

"Hand Coloured Fashion Plates" (Batsford, 42s.) by the leading authority on the subject, Vyvyan Holland, is a "must" for all collectors. It is lavishly illustrated, five of them in colour

For the Children

"Games For Children," by Margeurite Kohl and Frederica Young (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.) has suggestions for over 250 games for children of all ages. In **"The Wild Little House"** (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) Eilís Dillon tells the charming story of a tiny house built by a sailor. **"Dib-Dib And The Red Indians"** (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.) written and illustrated by Norman Mommens gives the adventures of a very out-of-the-ordinary duck. **"Roy Rogers Stories, No. 1"** (Adprint Ltd., 5s.) is a collection of nine stories about this Western hero. **"Harriet and Her Harmonium"** by Alan Lomax, America's authority on folk music (Faber & Faber, 15s.), is a new kind of book with music and pictures as well as an adventure story. Animals from all over the world gathered together in Animal Skyscraper to have a meeting: **"The Animals Conference"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is by Erich Kästner, illustrated by Trier. Names of some of the great chiefs, tribal customs, etc., are all given in **"Famous Indian Tribes"** by William Moyes and Davis C. Cooke (Publicity Products, 4s. 6d.).

Unusual plants—beautiful and exotic shapes—that will brighten and decorate the home the whole year through. Here is a varied selection and advice to help you in your choice

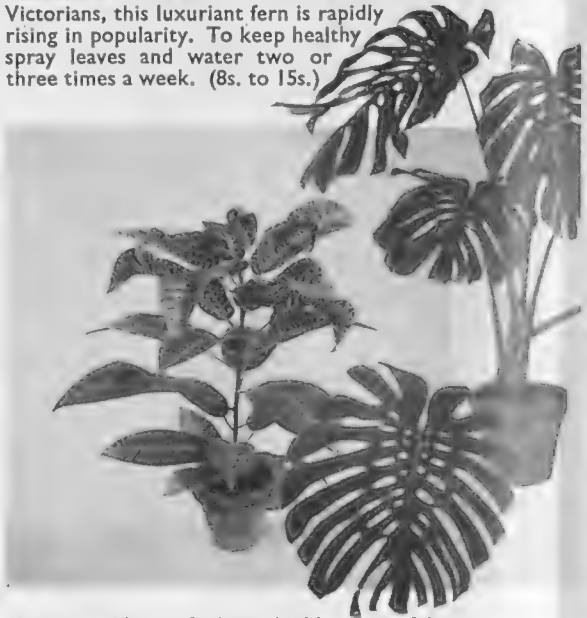
Ficus Pumila. A small relation of the big rubber plant, the Pumila is excellent climbing or trailing on a wall. Very successful, provided it is well watered at least twice a week. (Price around 7s. to 10s. 6d.)

Aechmea Trifasciata. An exotic, marble leaved plant which, after two or three years has a lovely pink flower. Water freely in the centre of the rosette and keep temperature above 60 deg. F. (£1 10s. to £2 10s.)

Maidenhair Fern. A favourite of the Victorians, this luxuriant fern is rapidly rising in popularity. To keep healthy spray leaves and water two or three times a week. (8s. to 15s.)

Pteris Major. Commonly called the "Ribbon Fern." Its delicate, green foliage looks well when mixed in a bowl of flowering plants. Cut off the tips of the leaves if they begin to turn brown. (5s. to 10s.)

Aralia Elegantissima. A truly elegant plant with its graceful serrated leaves. Keep away from draughts, in a warm sunny position. It needs water weekly. You should spray the leaves occasionally. (15s. to 21s.)



Croton. Many of these highly colourful plants need hot house conditions, but others can be acclimatized to an indoor temperature of 55 deg. F. Keep in a sunny position, watering sparingly. (£1 to £2)

Sansevieria Laurentii. A fashionable, but expensive plant thriving on neglect. It needs very little water—once a month—and does not mind shade. Often called, "Mother-in-laws tongues!" (£2 to £3)

Scindapsus Aureus. A variegated trailing plant, which looks equally attractive climbing on cork bark. Keep on the dry side; a sunny position will help to keep the colour in the leaves. (12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.)

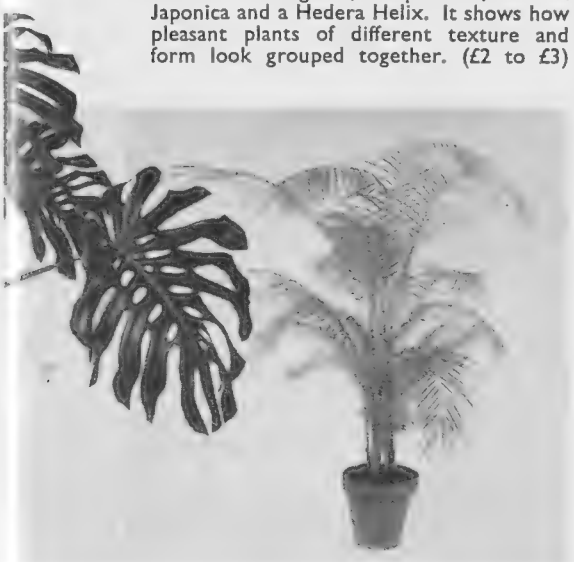
Hedera Canariensis. It repays to keep the lovely variegated leaves of this plant sponged and sprayed. Water moderately, if in doubt keep on the dry side. Grows more thickly in a sunny position. (15s. to 21s.)

TO GIVE AND TO GROW

Mixed choice—A bowl consisting of Dracoena Variegated, a Peperomia, a Carex Japonica and a Hedera Helix. It shows how pleasant plants of different texture and form look grouped together. (£2 to £3)

Cordyline. Another old favourite, very popular for the colourful metallic shades of its leaves. Water moderately in winter and freely in summer, keep in a warm light room for preference. (15s. to 21s.)

Dracoena. Another very colourful plant, that was a great favourite with our grandparents. The broad curving leaves are striped in colours. Water freely in summer and syringe the leaves. (£1 1s. to £1 5s.)



Philodendron Monstera (left) needs a temperate moist atmosphere. Water and sponge the leaves regularly. (£2 to £3.) **Cocos Neddelliana.** A palm wanting light and moisture. (15s. to £1 1s.)

Nephrolepis Hilli. An attractive plant with a ladder-like leaf, crimped at the edge. These ferns hate a dry atmosphere, so for the best results keep the leaves moist and water twice a week. (8s. to 15s.)

Asplenium (Birds Nest Fern.) This plant with its broad, pale green leaves, is not always recognized as a fern, but has a characteristic love of sunlight and should have plenty of water. (10s. 6d. to 21s.)

Rhoicissus Rhomboidea. This member of the vine family is a great favourite in Scandinavia. Spray the leaves to free them from dust. Over-watering causes the leaves to drop. (12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.)

Tradescantia. The Cinderella of today's fashionable house plants, but none the less attractive. A prolific grower, it is often called "Wandering Jew." Needs copious watering, loves to be totally immersed. (2s. 6d. to 5s.)

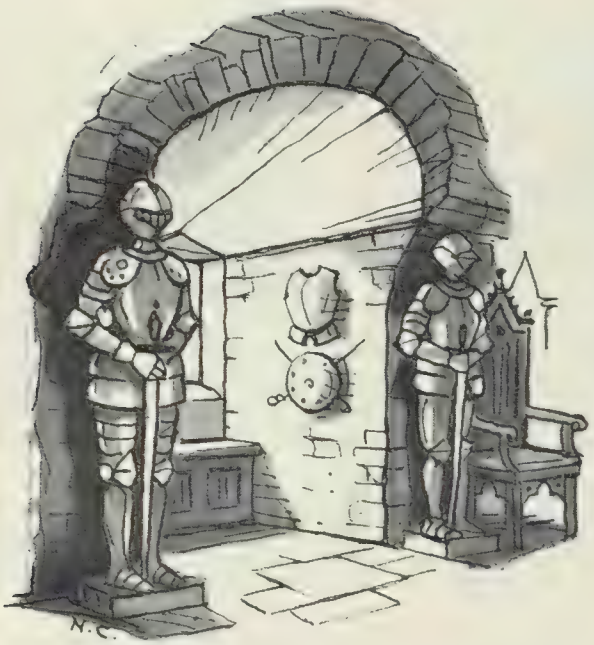
Kentia Forsteriana. A well known variety of the palm family. Does not mind a dark corner and can be grown to a height of 10-12 feet. Water weekly, and always keep leaves free from dust. (£1 1s. to £2)

the LEGENDS *of* GLAMIS

By

NAIDRA COCKSHUT

Ghosts gentle and macabre, family fool and resident hangman have all left their mark on a castle which is also a fairy-tale palace



A corner of the 15th-century crypt

AROUND most old castles curious tales and legends gather and Glamis, the childhood home of the Queen and of Princess Margaret, has a full share of these.

That there is a family secret connected with a hidden chamber in the castle is a matter of common knowledge and much has been written and conjectured about it. Only three individuals are supposed to know the truth of it: the Earl of Strathmore himself, his eldest son when he comes of age and a third party whom they take into their confidence.

Mrs. Maclagan, the wife of the Archbishop of York, has left an account of what took place in 1865 when Claude Bowes-Lyon, thirteenth Earl of Strathmore, was initiated in his turn. He at once sought out his wife and said:

"'My dearest, you know how often we have joked over the secret room and the family mystery. I have been into the room; I have heard the secret; and if you wish to please me you will *never* mention the subject to me again.'"

"For many years afterwards," Mrs. Maclagan adds, with a little Victorian shudder of pure relish, "Claude was quite a changed man, silent and moody, with an anxious scared look on his face."

Is there really a grim mystery handed down from generation to generation—or is it just one more of the legends of haunted rooms, ill-fated lovers, treachery and sudden death that colour the history of this old Scottish castle?

Nearly six hundred years have passed since Sir John Lyon secretly married a king's daughter and founded the family who hold Glamis today, but the legends date back to even earlier times.

One of these relates how, in the eleventh century, King Malcolm II was ambushed by two murderers and mortally wounded on Hunter's Hill nearby. He was brought down to the castle and died of his wounds in the little chamber still

"A huge old man with a dead man's face"

"The suit remains, the quips and jests are long forgotten"

Glamis Castle—enchanted and memory-laden—at the end of the mile-long avenue

named Malcolm's Hall, and it is said that the stain of his blood showed on the flagstones until these were covered over in the seventeenth century by a wooden floor.

Leading into this room is a heavy oak door, studded with iron, which at the present time is kept permanently open. For it never stays shut for the length of the night. It has even been nailed up and logs put against it at nightfall but in the morning it is always found open again.

NOT far from Malcolm's Hall, in the heart of the oldest part of the castle, is another stone chamber where Macbeth, Thane of Glamis and Cawdor, is traditionally supposed to have murdered his king. There is not much historical support for this but there is no doubt that, as twilight deepens and the light of a single lantern gleams faintly on the barrel-vaulted ceiling and the antlered trophies on the walls, a chill strikes up from the stone floor and one can easily imagine that haunted irresolute murderer crying out in the shadows :

Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep . . .

If one believed in ghosts, one would hurry through the fifteenth century crypt and not linger long in the old part of the castle after nightfall, for might one not encounter that tall, bearded stranger—"a huge old man," Mrs. Maclagan described him to Lord Halifax, "and although his beard rose and fell when he breathed the face was that of a dead man."

Then there is that gentle (*Continued on page 70*)

"One would not mind meeting the Grey Lady"

Keep open house—recipes for claret cup and a variety of drinks as well as cocktail savouries are given in the article opposite

When friends come calling

THE last two weeks of the Old Year are crammed with parties and gay festivities. Party-giving is one of the most delightful of human activities. No excuse is needed: a party is its own justification. And when the food and drink is presented with imagination and art it is more than justified. Try some of the food and drink below and I promise you that your party won't be just another small affair.

Drinks first. Some good old standbys like William and Humbert's Dry Sack, Martell or Hennessy Brandy, Gonzalez Byass Nectar (a full-bodied dry sherry) or, most seasonable of all, Grant's Cherry Brandy. Standard cocktails like Dry and Sweet Martini, and a few not so standard like Gin Fizz, Whisky Sour, Tom Collins or his relation Apricot Collins, Daiquiri, the peach-tinted teetotal cocktail Pussyfoot (although you would never know it!) and a really superb Claret Cup. Finally, Mulled Wine.

Here are the recipes (Cocktails in adjoining Column):—

RIBBON SANDWICHES

8 oz. cottage cheese; 2 tablespoons top of milk or thin cream; red currant jelly and finely chopped parsley.

Divide the cottage cheese into two portions. Add the cream to it, mixing well. Then to one portion add sufficient red currant jelly to make it a good pink; to the other portion add the finely chopped parsley to make it green. Using wholemeal bread, spread the first slice with red currant cheese mixture, top with another slice of wholemeal, spread with parsley cheese mixture, top with third slice of wholemeal. Cut off crusts, and cut into four small sandwiches.

SAVOURY TRIANGLES

2 jars veal and ham paste; 2 tablespoons finely chopped sweet pickle; 2 hard-boiled eggs, finely chopped; 2 tablespoons salad cream; ½ teaspoon salt; ¼ teaspoon onion salt (or a little grated onion); 18 slices white bread and parsley.

Mix meat paste and pickle together in one bowl. Mix eggs, salad cream, salt and onion in another. Butter the bread. Spread one slice with meat paste mixture, top with second slice, spread with egg mixture, top with third slice. Cut off crusts, wrap sandwiches in a damp napkin and put aside till required. Then cut each sandwich across to make four triangles, dip one point of triangle in salad cream and dust with finely chopped parsley.

CURRANT CRESCENTS

Use butter puff biscuits as base, butter them thickly and cover with a layer of red currant or cranberry jelly. Make crescents from thin fresh (*Continued on page 78*)

Apéritif . . .

- **Maiden's Prayer.** ⅛ orange juice; ⅛ lemon juice; ⅜ Cointreau; ⅜ dry gin. Shake well with ice. And be warned; this is very potent.
- **Clover Leaf.** 1 oz. dry gin; 1 teaspoon grenadine syrup; two tablespoons lime juice; white of 1 egg. Shake well, strain into cocktail glass, garnish with maraschino cherry.
- **Gin Fizz.** Juice of half lemon; ½ tablespoon icing sugar; 1 oz. dry gin (or more if desired). Shake well and strain into tumbler. Add 1 ice cube and fill up with soda water.
- **Whisky Sour.** Juice of half lemon; ½ tablespoon sugar; 1 oz. (or more) of whisky. Shake well with crushed ice, strain into smallish tumbler. Fill up with soda water.
- **Tom Collins.** Juice half lemon; ½ tablespoon icing sugar; 1 oz. dry gin. Shake well, strain into tumbler. Add 1 cube ice, fill up with soda water.
- **Apricot Collins.** Juice half lemon; ½ teaspoon grenadine syrup; 2 oz. Apry; cracked ice. Shake well. Strain into tumbler over one ice cube, and fill up with soda water. Brush the rim of the glass with lemon juice, and dip into icing sugar.
- **Daiquiri.** Fill the shaker with crushed ice. Add equal parts light rum and lime juice, with one teaspoon icing sugar. Shake well and serve. It should be of a thickish, slushy consistency.
- **Pussyfoot.** 1 white of egg slightly beaten; 1 teaspoon grenadine syrup; 2 oz. lemon squash; 2 oz. orange squash; 2 oz. lime juice and 1 block of ice. Shake well until it has a frothy head. Serve at once.
- **Dry Martini.** ⅛ gin; ⅞ French Vermouth is average. Increase the proportion of gin if desirable. Garnish with an olive and a small twist of lemon peel.
- **Sweet Martini.** ⅛ gin; ⅞ Italian Vermouth. Garnish with a maraschino cherry.

Note: all the ounces mentioned above are liquid ounces and twenty make one pint.

POODLE WOOL WAISTCOAT

Fine and dandy — a quick and easy-to-make versatile waist-coat. The front panels are knitted in Poodle Wool and the back in Campanula 4-ply

Photographs by John Cole

MATERIALS: 4 oz. Lee Target Poodle Wool and 3 oz. Lee Target Campanula, 4-ply; 1 pair each of Nos. 4, 12 and 14 knitting needles; 11 buttons. **Measurements:** To fit 34- to 36-in. bust size; length, 17 ins. **Tension:** 6½ sts. to 2 ins. in Poodle Wool; 8 sts. to an inch in Campanula, 4-ply, measured over the slightly-stretched rib on No. 12 needles. **Abbreviations:** K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch, stitches; g.st., garter stitch which is every row k.; dec., decrease; beg., beginning.

THE BACK

Using Campanula, 4-ply, and No. 12 needles, cast on 123 sts. Work 4 ins. in k. 1, p. 1 rib (beg. and ending 1st row k. 1, and 2nd row p. 1). Change to No. 14 needles and continue in rib until work measures 6 ins. Change to No. 12 needles and continue in rib until work measures 9 ins.

Dec. 1 st. (after the first st. and before the last st.) at both ends of the next and every following 5th row until 89 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 17 ins. Cast off.

THE FRONTS (2)

Using Poodle Wool and No. 4 needles, cast on 23 sts. Work in g.st. for 9 ins. Dec. 1 st. at the beg. of next row and at this same edge on every following 5th row until there are 16 sts. Continue straight for collar piece until work measures 23 ins. from lower edge. Cast off.

Work second front in the same way, as the fabric is reversible. Sew the two sets of 16 cast-off sts. together for centre back neck.

THE BORDERS

Using Campanula 4-ply and No. 14 needles, beg. 3½ ins. from lower edge of right front and pick up and k. 140 sts. along 14 ins. of front edge (2 sts. to each row of g.st.).

Work 5 rows in k. 1, p. 1 rib.

Next row.—Rib 4 (cast off 2, rib 11) 10 times, cast off 2, rib 4. In the next row work in rib, casting on 2 sts. to replace those cast off.

Work 5 more rows in rib: Cast off rather tightly.

Work the other border to match, omitting buttonholes, but beg. at a point opposite the top right front border and end 3½ ins. from lower edge, so that the picking up is done on the same side of the work as other front.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press the back, so that the top (cast off) edge measures 11 ins. Sew straight side edges of back to straight side edge of each front. Place centre back neck seam of fronts to centre of cast-off edge of back, and stitch edge of collar piece all along cast-off edge of back. Sew on buttons.

STRIPED WITH BEADS

Pearl and silver beads woven into the blue fabric make an unusual decoration for this easy-to-knit sweater

Silver beads costing 2s. 6d. a packet and strings of about 120 pearls at 3s. 6d. are obtainable from Dickins & Jones, Regent Street, London, W.1

MATERIALS.—7 oz. of Lister's Lavenda 3-ply in Royal Blue; 2 packets of silver beads; 19 dozen small pearls; Nos. 12 and 13 Stratnoid knitting pins; 7-in. zip fastener. **Measurements:** To fit 34 to 35-in. bust size; length, 20 in. from top of shoulder. 36 to 37-in. bust size; length, 20½ in. **Tension:** 8 sts. and 10 rows to 1 in. on No. 12 needles.

ABBREVIATIONS: K., knit; p., purl; st(s)., stitch(es); st.-st., stocking-stitch; b. 1, bead 1 st. by bringing wool forward as if to p., pushing 1 bead close up to work, slip 1 st. purlwise, take wool to back of work.

Note. *Instructions are given for 34 to 35-in. bust size, any alterations for the 36 to 37-in. bust size are given in brackets.*

THE BACK

With No. 13 needles cast on 116 (120) sts., and work 44 rows in rib as follows: k. 1 into the back of st., p. 1; rep. to end of row.

Change to No. 12 needles and st.-st. Inc. 1 st. each end of 3rd and every 6th row following until there are 140 (148) sts. Work straight until work measures 11 (11½) ins. from beginning.

Shape Cap Sleeves.—At the beg. of the following rows, cast on 1 st. 10 times, 2 sts. twice, 4 sts. 4 times. * 170 (178) sts. Work 40 rows straight.

Divide for Neck Opening.—Work 85 (89) sts., turn. Finish this side first. Work 41 more rows st.-st.

Shape Shoulders.—Cast off 8 sts., at sleeve edge 6 times, then 9 sts. twice. Leave remaining 19 (23) sts. on stitch-holder. Finish the other side of back the same.

THE FRONT

With No. 13 needles cast on 125 (133) sts. and work in rib the same as for back. Change to No. 12 needles and work 2 rows in st.-st. Break wool. Using royal blue wool, thread on about 150 silver beads. When these are finished, break wool again and thread on more beads as required.

1st row.—(K. 4), * k. 7, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 7, p. 1; rep. from * once, k. 7, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 10, p. 1, k. 10, ** b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 7, p. 1, k. 7; rep. from ** once, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 1, b. 1, k. 7, (k. 4).

2nd row.—(K. 4)* p. 7, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 7, k. 1; rep. from * once, p. 7, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 10, k. 1, p. 10, ** k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 7, k. 1, p. 7; rep. from ** once, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 7, (k. 4).

These 2 rows make the main bead patt. Continue in patt., inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 6th row until there are 149 (161) sts., bringing in more beads as required when shaping increases for side. Continue straight until work measures 11 (11½) ins. from beg.

Shape Cap Sleeves.—Inc. exactly the same as for back 179 (191) sts., but keep 13 sts. of sleeves each side with no beading. Work 58 rows straight.

Shape Neck.—Work 80 (82) sts., turn. K. back. Cast off 2 sts. at neck edge 4 (5) times, then 1 st. 6 times. Work 4 rows. Cast off 8 sts. at sleeve edge 6 times, and 9 sts. twice. Put 19 (27) sts. from middle of neck on to stitch-holder, and work second side to correspond, reversing shapings.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing, k. up from stitch-holder 19 (23) sts. from back neck, pick up 29 sts. down front neck, k. up from middle stitch-holder 19 (27) sts., pick up 29 sts. up other side of neck, and 19 (23) sts. from stitch-holder at back neck.

Now work in rib as for welt but continue the two middle stripes of beads up the neckband. Work 22 rows. Cast off on wrong side.

TO MAKE UP

Work 1 row of double crochet round cap sleeves and opening of back. Sew zip fastener in back opening. Sew on pearls up the purl rows, one pearl every 6 rows, but leaving the middle purl row as it is. Sew up side seams and shoulders and press lightly with a damp cloth.

MOTORING
By Gwen Robyns

If you're thinking of a present for a mechanically minded motorist the Black and Decker hand electric drill with various accessories is supreme. You can use it with lambswool "bonnet" for car polishing and similar jobs. *Below right:* TV in cars has arrived —an Ekco receiver built into the rear compartment of a Rolls-Royce

It's the EXTRAS that please

OF course if you are Lady Docker then the whole thing is so simple. You merely ask Father Christmas for "the lot" and into your stocking he will pack the world's most luxurious car, a dealer's dream in ivory metal, gold plate and specially matched zebra skin interior. Nor will it finish there. The accessories have a sort of Arabian fairy-story flavour about them—cocktail and picnic equipment, manicure set, sliding table near instrument panel containing hinge-over mirror, clothes brush, comb, powder compact, cigarette case and cream jar—all initialled in gold.

But even for we lesser breeds there are plenty of things to fill the motorists' needs. They can range from a few shillings to—well the sky is the limit. Maps, for instance: Apart from ordinary sets of maps there is an excellent Perspex map-holder backed with leather and fitted with twenty-four sections covering England and Scotland for 21s. 9d. The advantage of this, of course, is that the holidaymaker can map his route with a chinagraph pencil. There are some useful map measurers about, for from 3s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. A wonderful accessory for every car driver is the Hawkins "Blinklite" battery hand-lamp at about 45s.

My neighbour, inspired by heavy hinting on my part in collusion with his wife, is giving her a handsome present. It is a set of tartan seat covers with a matching travel rug. We debated whether they should be in warm cuddly wool or one of the new plastics. On one hand you have winter warmth and on the other all the advantages of wiping them clean with the flick of a damp cloth. If you haven't a family tartan yourself then take a look at the Ancient McIntyre, a colourful blend of blue and green with a fine overcheck of fire-engine red. Or you may fancy car covers made in Tygan, the impervious thermoplastic yarn.

On my list of Christmas-presents-to-myself I've put down a pair of the new anti-dazzle night-driving glasses—now made in women's size. The deep curved lenses have the new upward tilt and although less than half the weight of ordinary glass lenses are actually shatter-proof! The price tag is 17s. 6d.

If your money runs to car heaters there were several new types at this year's motor show including the very popular ones made by Smiths Motor Accessories. I admired the completely collapsible roof racks that can be stored in a very small space. The two-gallon "Filla Can" emergency container and pourer is a handy stocking "filler."

Tartan seat covers are the thing today whether you can claim a family tartan or not. These are by Conway Motor Accessories. Price comes about £10 15s. a set in rayon or cotton, or £14 19s. in all-wool tartan

The car enthusiast—and they are becoming more and more numerous—will appreciate a home decarbonizing kit that costs 30s. More expensive, but the thing for the home mechanic is Black and Decker's electric sander-polisher drill. With sanding discs and lambswool bonnet (ideal for car polishing) it runs out at about £8 10s.; and there are many extra gadgets obtainable which convert the basic drill into virtually a complete workshop. There are a whole list of "smalls" that most motorists would appreciate. They include windscreen washers, various sorts of lamps, a boomerang wing mirror which when knocked returns instantly to its correct position, a foolproof cigarette lighter, sun-visors for over thirty different makes of cars, and a "magnetic snake" for the butter-fingered amateur mechanic who loses nuts and screws.

On the lush side there are several new types of built-in radios and, believe it or not Mr. Ripley, backseat television in cars has arrived. Though as yet it appears only in a specially built Rolls-Royce it may not be many years before this does become an integral part of the normal motorist's life.

If it is gloves you are thinking about, the experts tell me that the crochet-backed leather palm kind are the best; and there are heaps of wonderful mohair lap rugs to choose from as well as sheepskin bags for keeping the feet warm on long journeys.

If you are still in doubt and nothing of this appeals to you you can't go wrong with a booklet of service vouchers which Ford, Austin and several other companies issue.

And now, happy Christmas to you all.

WARDROBE *for a* WONDERFUL WEEKEND

The year's most exciting weekend—Christmas.

Vogue Patterns plan a capsule wardrobe to take you from town to country via many parties

The cardigan worn over dress 8709

8709

Perhaps you're working in town on Christmas Eve and planning to travel to the country for a long weekend; you'll need a dress that's easy to live in—a good traveller and a warm companion. Here is a pattern that meets these demands (and many more). It comprises a slender dress with its own cardigan, destined to carry you from town to country with perfect ease. The line is casual, the detail masterly—notice the bloused bodice caught by a shaped belt just below the waist, and note the way the important cardigan (almost a jacket) repeats the bloused effect of the bodice. We photographed the dress in soft marigold jersey—teamed with accessories ranging from beige to beaver-brown. Vogue Pattern No. 8709; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

For back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information see page 52

VOGUE'S WARDROBE *for* CHRISTMAS

866

Your moment of luxury . . .

you whirl round the

dance floor in a dress that's rich

and rustling . . .

but it's high-fashion at a

low price because Vogue Patterns

enable you to be your own

couturier . . .

A sheath dress partnered by a matching coat (*above*). The dress flaunts a wide cape collar to fold over the collarless coat. For the sheath we chose black lace worn over a taffeta slip. The gossamer coat is of matching lace mounted on the finest net. Vogue Couturier Pattern No. 866, 8s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38.

Back views, fabric requirements and how-to-order information on page 52

The candles are lit, the tinsel glitters and the magic of parties fills the air

S-4632

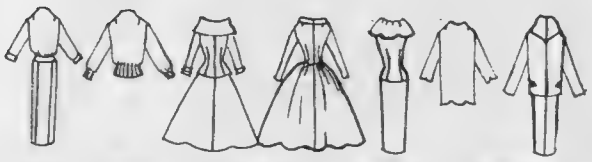
A party dress (*above*) with a wide portrait neckline and a stiffly-gathered skirt destined to rustle over a flurry of your stiffest petticoats. We like particularly the long slim sleeves and the important bow falling to the waist. Picture the dress in crispest black faille spiced with a bright satin bow; or choose a rich silk grosgrain in sapphire blue and enjoy the luxury of velvet ribbons. Vogue Pattern S-4632; 5s.; bust sizes 30–38.

8656

The newest way to wear a suit: in gleaming poult with an outsize collar—formal flattery for parties and cocktails. Watch the new look of bulk above the waist seen again and again in Paris this season, all the jacket detail is designed to complement the vast collar. The skirt takes its fullness from a centre pleat. We made the suit in olive-green poult (Cyril Lord's "Cielle") and added a velvet hat and matching pumps. Vogue Pattern 8656; 3s. 6d.; bust sizes 30–38

COUNTRY CHRISTMAS

It 's Boxing Day, and there 's a pause in the festivities—perhaps you plan a long walk or a leisurely drive. This pattern is designed especially for Boxing Day wear (and for every day when you want the warm flattery of a casual middy suit). Interest mounts as we pass from the slim skirt to the straight jacket (notice the tabbing at the waist), until our fashion focus falls on the wide, fringed scarf muffled Paris-style about the neck. We added a sleek melusine bowler, deep and dramatic, to increase the feeling of importance at the top of the figure. Imagine the suit in an olive-green tweed worn with petrol-blue accessories: an alliance as exciting as it is unexpected. Vogue Pattern 8645 : 3s. 6d. ; bust sizes 30–38.



8709 8656 S-4632 866 8645

8645

HOW TO ORDER

You can order these Vogue patterns direct from us. Send remittance as indicated below, plus postage (2½d.) to Vogue Pattern Service, Britannia and Eve, Ingram House, 195, Strand, London, W.C.2. When ordering please note that bust sizes go up in 2-in. steps—i.e., 32 in., 34 in., 36 in., etc.

**Fabric requirements specified for patterns in this issue are for size 34 in. bust only. *Before purchasing material be sure to study the pattern envelope, as requirements are always given for other sizes and fabric widths in addition to those quoted below.* Fabric widths on the market include 36 in., 42 in., 45 in., 48 in., and 54 in.

No.	Price	Page		Yards	Width
8709	3s. 6d.	49	Day dress and Cardigan	4¼	54 in.
866	8s. 6d.	50	Sheath dress and Coat (linings extra)	5	35 in.
S-4632	5s. 0d.	51	Party dress	6½	39 in.
8656	3s. 6d.	51	Cocktail Suit	4½	39 in.
8645	3s. 6d.	52	Middy Suit	2¾	54 in.

Pleasing and simple to do—traditional Swedish Christmas decorations

MADE from STRAW

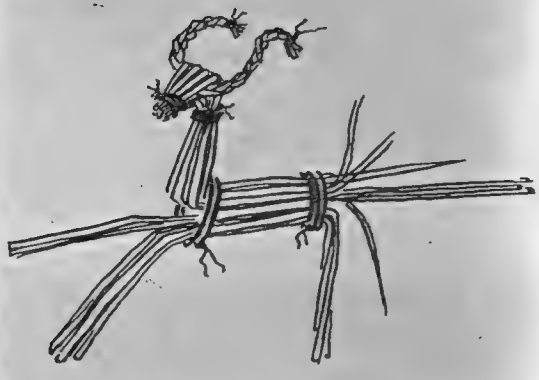


Diagram 1. Showing how to make the goat's head, part of body and tail

Diagram 2. The other six straws form the goat's legs and rest of body

Diagram 3. The goat completed. It can be made from coloured plastic drinking straws or ordinary raffia

STRAW animals can be found in many countries and they are an old tradition in Sweden, where they are used for Christmas decorations to this day. The little goat, called "JULBOK," is one of the most popular.

These decorations are made from straw which has been damped to make it more pliable and tied with red wool or twine. If straw is unobtainable use raffia or plastic drinking straws.

When working with straw or raffia keep a damp cloth handy as this will make the straw more pliable (but be careful not to make it too wet).

The Goat

Start with twelve lengths of straw 6-in. long; six for the head, part of the body and the tail, and six for the legs.

Tie the first lot at one end to make the nose. Bend the straw gently at the top of the head and insert three more straws (3-in. long) to make the horns as shown. Plait and tie ends of horns when in place. Now tie under the head and leave a straight length for the neck. Bend sharply for the body, leaving some extra-long pieces to be plaited into a tail (Diagram).

The second lot of straw is tied to the body as shown in the drawing, leaving equal lengths of straw for the legs to stick out both ends. Bend down these pieces at right angles to the body, trim them to the same length and tie up at the ends.

Straw Star

Cut three straws approximately 2 ins. long and flatten them. Push a pin through the centre of all three to keep them together and open out fanwise to form a six-pointed star. Tie together with red thread as shown in the drawing and trim the ends with a pair of scissors. Make a smaller star the same way and tie it to the centre of the first. Hang up by the long ends of red thread.

Angel

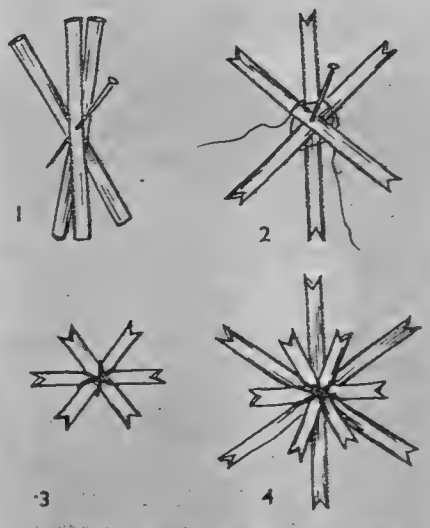
Use half a cotton-reel for the base and mount a piece of $\frac{3}{16}$-in. dowel rod in it. This is the foundation of the figure. Glue on a wooden bead for the head and draw the face on it.

Take about a dozen long pieces of straw for the body and bend them gently in the middle. Arrange them on either side of the head and push another twelve lengths of straw for the wings at right angles to the body. Tie up under the arms and at the bottom as shown in the drawing.

Bend wings sharply at the top and knot them together using silk thread or wool, as shown in the drawing.

Trim the ends of the wings and paste a gold paper halo to the angel's head.

Raffia can be obtained from Dryad Handicrafts, 22, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.1. Coloured costs 1s. 9½d. *a* ¼ *lb. and natural* 1s. 5*d.*



STAR. 1, flatten straws; 2, trim ends; 3, make smaller star; 4, tie the two stars together

Angel mounted on cotton-reel base

. . . the halo is made of gold paper and the straw is tied with red string

PRESENTS from the BEAUTY

A most charming and subtle compliment is to give or receive any of these presents for beauty. The range is wide and accommodates every purse. (*Left*) Two gifts to delight any age—Pond's "Twosome," containing an Angel Face mirror case and large lipstick, price 12s. 6d. Obtainable in their three usual shades with toning lipsticks—Pink Angel with Dreamy Pink, Tawny Angel with Ever So Red and Blushing Angel with Dither. Gift box by Elizabeth Arden comprises Invisible Veil Pressed Powder in a beautifully-made metal compact with décor in black or white enamel, and Jumbo lipstick, price 39s. 6d.

(*Below*) Permissible luxury at Christmas-time—perfume. Guerlain's Mitsouko eau-de-Cologne comes in four sizes, of which we show the largest—12s. 9d., 22s. 6d., 36s. and £3 15s. The perfume is obtainable in a fancy bottle, 3 gns., and plain, 2 gns.

(*Right*) The newest Parisian perfume by Jean Patou is called Cocktail Dry—as stimulating and elegant as its name implies. This *boule luxe* costs 3 gns., and luxuriates in a white-and-gold-rimmed embossed box lined with blue satin. Smaller size £1 7s.

(*Left*) A "can't-fail" gift—Max Factor's face powder, lipstick, Pan-Stick and Satin Flow cleansing cream. The sets are arranged in colour harmony to suit different types of complexion and colouring. Packed in gaily-decorated foil boxes for 17s. 3d. This year Max Factor has increased the variety of gift sets featuring Electrique fragrance and introduces Electrique bath salts which are new to the range

Ideal for a teen-ager is this Apple Blossom fragrance trio—skin perfume, dusting powder and hand lotion—in pink spray plastic bottles, 25s. 6d. For mother, new Apple Blossom perfumed foam and skin softener, an all-in-one feather-light whipped cream. A delicious after-bath refresher, 12s. Noa Noa perfumette is in a gilt "bamboo" stick which slips in a pochette, 21s., all by Helena Rubinstein

COUNTER by CHRYSIS

(Left) Toddlers will be thrilled with "Chip," a new Walt Disney character added to the Cussons' range. This chubby little character is made in super-fine soap and very attractively hand-painted. Packed in the gayest of gift boxes. Cost only 3s.

(Right) To match her perfume. Chanel powder in the famous black and white box. There are eight shades to choose from, ranging from *Natural* to *Gypsy*. Price 10s. 6d. Chanel soap (not shown) comes in three much-loved perfumes—No. 5, Gardenia and Bois des Iles—costing 2s. 6d. a tablet; matching talcum powder, 11s. 3d. Not forgetting the well-known perfumes, including No. 22 and Cuir de Russie, starting at 25s. up to £4 for 1 oz.

(Above) "Christmassy" describes the Goya Motor-car Coffret gift box. In it a handbag phial of perfume, Cologne and matching soap. Price 9s. Also novelties to hang on the tree: a clear plastic flower tub with two handbag phials of perfume held in position with acetate flowers, or a green plastic Christmas-tree in a red thimble holding two phials of perfume. Both are 7s. and available in three Goya perfume assortments. Children's specials: a soap submarine which actually floats and dives! In pale blue, the submarine has a yellow plastic conning-tower and rudder. Bruin soap—a fine upstanding circus bear riding a blue plastic bicycle. Both are made and attractively boxed by Field's at 1s. 6d. each. At all cosmetic counters.

Last Thoughts

MANY of the things in this list will cover the token gift that hangs on the tree or fills out the toe of a stocking.

We begin with the tinies, who will bless you for introducing mother to the new Johnson's Baby Shampoo which does not sting the eyes. You can have ninepenny sachets or 3s. 6d. bottles from most good chemists. Or please the little people again with a gift box containing Pears Transparent Soap packed in a box designed to look like an eighteenth-century trinket box—a dividend for Mother when the soap is gone. All for 3s. 6d.

Teen-agers are particularly partial to Dubarry's Bubble Bath, though women of all ages enjoy its foamy luxury. Price 3s. 9d. in a generous size drum.

For all grown-up girls Coty's Twistick is a delightful novelty. A perfumed Eau-de-Cologne stick which winds up like a lipstick. Price 7s. 6d.

There is a wider scope this year for choosing something for those supposedly difficult men. Potter and Moore have produced a whole range of coffrets for hard-to-please gents. Give him a Shaving Stick and Liquid Brilliantine in an attractive pack for 6s. or a Shaving Bowl and Special Gent's Talc boxed together for 9s. 6d. If you want to be more liberal make it a Shaving Bowl, Gent's Talc, *and* After-shave Lotion for 15s.

Lentheric, makers of elegant perfume, have also come down on the side of the men this Christmas with a special coffret. After-Shave Lotion, Brilliantine, Bath Talc, Lather Shaving Cream and Bath Soap. Again the dividend comes with the box in which they are packed, which is specially designed as a collar-box for use when the contents have been used. Price £1 19s. 6d.

A His-and-Her coffret designed by Goya to cover the combined gift. In it 4 ozs. of Cologne for Her and Corvette After-Shave Lotion for Him. Delightfully packed. 12s. 9d. at good chemists.

Among other Goya Christmas novelties is Jill's Box, a charming little gift for a young girl. Jill-in-the-Box pops up from her container with two handbag phials of perfume. There is a choice of the Goya fragrances: Black Rose, No. 5, Gardenia, Great Expectations and Pink Mimosa. Price 7s.

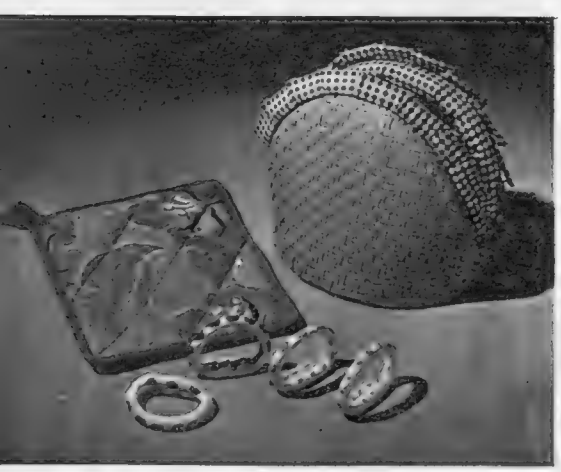
PRESENTS for EVERYONE

(*Left*) An individual gift. A selection of book plates. At most W. H. Smith's shops. Packets of 50, 2s. 6d. A spill-maker with 70 ft. of spill from Druce's, of Baker Street, London. Price 2s. 9d., postage 6d. Thimble, needles and 12 shades of sewing silk in a transparent sectioned container, at 9s. 10d. from Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames.

(*Above*) Danish fish-shape trivet in black metal with cane handle, £1 3s. 6d. Designed for the home Espresso, a coffee set in black and white, plain or Harlequin colours, 4 gns. Plastic-fruit condiment set, with nickel-plated leaves as handles ; the salt and pepper lie flat, £1 19s. 3d. All from Ebbutt's, Croydon. Hand-loom place mats, black and red chequered design, on natural rush—the large mats are 5s. 9d., small, 4s. 6d. The Deben Rush Weavers, Debenham, Suffolk.

Spicers' Calligrapher's paper has the kind of surface which makes perfect letter-writing a pleasure. A cabinet costs 7s. 4d. Waverley Notelets, designed for short letters and ideal for any type of greeting, in attractive book form ; 3s. 6d. for 12 with envelopes. Loaded with an unbreakable ink cartridge, this new Waterman's Cartridge fountain-pen in presentation case with eight refills, £5 15s. 6d. ; with matching pencil, £7 17s. 6d. Ryman's, Albemarle St., London.

Cadbury's Vogue Assortment is " chocolate-matched "—each chocolate covering flavoured to suit its centre, 5s. 10d. a pound. Doubly-welcomed gift, one pint pewter tankard with glass base and filled with fifty State Express cigarettes, 37s. 6d. State Express, Piccadilly, London. Two elegant Crown Derby gadroon trays and covered cigarette box are packed as a set, £2 12s. 6d. Thomas Goode, South Audley Street, London. The new " Richmond " table lighter, in the Ronson range, has a mahogany base. From Harrods, London, S.W.1, £2 10s.



The teapot sits snugly in this washable Scandinavian straw cosy, 32s. 6d. ; postage 1s. Druce's, London, W.1. A never-straying pot-holder, its magnet corner clings to the oven's metal surface, 2s. 11d. Selfridges, London, W.1. Polka-dot pottery napkin rings, 1s. 6d. each ; postage 1s. 3d. for 4. From Eva Hauser, 281, Finchley Road, London, N.W.3.

(*Above*) Warming-pan takes on a new guise as a Smith's 30-hour miniature timepiece in lacquered bronze. John Lewis, Oxford Street, London, 37s. 6d. (*Right*) " Sky-line " presents a new kitchen tool set in stainless steel with heat-resisting black plastic handles, 59s. 6d. Selfridges, Oxford St., London.

SHOPPING FOR YOU
by
MARGARET SHARP

(*Left*) For the hostess—a clip-on, hand-woven pinafore in delicate shades of red, silver grey, light blue and purple. It has a 7-in. band of interwoven untarnishable tinsel thread and bright colours. To wash, slip the pinafore off the ring. 21s., postage 1s. 9d., at Eva Hauser, 281 Finchley Road, London

Hats and umbrellas go with the wind in a gaily coloured silk square, 2 gns. The modern woman's perfect handbag is the Bagcraft "Lite-on." Main features are: automatic lighting system (inside and outside), lighted mirror, cigarette compartment, magnetized perfume and lipstick containers, built-in comb and space for a photograph. Black, navy or tan, price £15.9.6d. Both from Harrods, London, S.W.1

(*Left*) Redmayne mothproof wardrobe takes up to eight garments and enables clothes to be stored inside or outside a wardrobe. In attractive chintz design, this plastic wardrobe folds flat, and costs 19s. 11d. from William Whiteley, London, W.2

(*Right*) Remains warm for eight hours—quilted satin covered hot water bottle, by Mandelle, made in six pastel colours, 17s. 6d. Whiteley, London. Glamorous nylon nightdress by Kayser Bondor has permanently pleated nylon lace at the neckline and hem. £5 5s. Sizes: 34 to 42-in. bust. Colours: white, ice pink and jade. Bourne & Hollingsworth, W.1

(*Right*) Redmayne flowered satin hose tidy with six plastic pockets, 4s. 11d. Whiteley, London, W.2. Winter warm Clarks slippers with Pussy-foot soles lined with softest nylon fleece. Available in size 4 to 7, black or teak leather, price 45s. D. H. Evans, London, W.1. Choose Ballito stockings in the size, shade and colour band your friends would like and have them packed in Ballito's free Zodiac gift box. Swan & Edgar, London

Christmas candles. The geese that decorate the top of pages 54-56 are six for 15s. Santa Claus, six for 17s. 6d.; Christmas-trees, six for 13s. 6d. and snowmen, six for 15s. Fortnum and Mason, London, W.1. "Join-it" pure linen hemstitched motifs connected with simple crochet stitches make lacy table mats, doilies or even bedspreads. Four Penelope designs to choose from: plain circles or squares with rounded, scalloped or scooped edges. Six motifs 3s. 9d. Needlewoman, Regent Street, W.1

(*Right*) Early morning tray sets. Organdie and linen tray cloth and two napkins are beautifully hand embroidered, 39s. 6d. a set. Sleep comes easily with this feather and down Chinese bolster which is shaped to the neck, £1 9s. 6d. A linen cover in pastel shades or white, 12s. 6d. extra. Charles Hammond, 164 Sloane Street, London, S.W.

PRESENTS for EVERYONE

"Playtime," an A-B-C enamelled tin containing over three pounds of Carr's Emblem assorted biscuits, 15s. When the Suchard Velma chocolates in the background are eaten, the box lid—a reproduction of the Laughing Cavalier—becomes a picture to be hung up; 1½-lb. box, priced £1. The story of Goldilocks is included with the milk chocolate teddy bears in the small box: Lindt, 1s. 10d. A decorative pound box of Lindt assorted chocolates for grown-ups is 12s. 6d.

An Italian black-and-white pottery cat with an engaging expression, £1 13s. 6d. at Ebbutt's, Croydon. "The Urban Farmer," by Ann Bentson, gives practical advice to the home gardener. Diets, calorie tables and reducing exercises are given in "The Weigh Of All Flesh," by Reuben D. Chier, M.D. "A Guide To Pink Elephants"—two hundred mixed drinks on alcohol-resistant cards; 7s. 6d. each book, from Harrods, London. A dictionary of embroidery stitches, with suggestions for their use, is included in "The Work Basket Embroidery Book" in the foreground, by Ruth Wyeth Spears. Brockhampton Press, 5s.

Little girls will love dressing their dolls in these beautifully finished, machine knitted clothes. The blue and white striped skirt with plain white jumper and matching blue panties costs 27s. 6d. Twinsets, outdoor sets, evening dresses (not illustrated) in various colours can all be obtained from Harrods, London, S.W.1. The Morphy-Richards toy iron, with suction-cup plug, is exactly like Mummy's and lights up when switched on. Price 6s. 6d., Gamages, Holborn, London

Endearingly ugly, beautifully made hedgehog dolls-with-a-difference; £1 11s. 9d. each at Fortnum & Mason, London, W.1. John Bull Picture Printing and Letter Type Outfit No. 37 contains 300 letters, signs, numerals, 12 picture stamps, 5 wax crayons, 4 type-holders, special tweezers and 2 packs of printing cards. Complete with illustrated instructions for use, 17s. 6d. from good toy-shops everywhere

For the menfolk. Vintage car ash tray made in glass, 10s. 6d. The seven-in-one gadget knife consists of pliers (with wire cutters), penknife, screwdriver, crown cork opener, wire gauge, insulation stripper and gimlet. In a leather case, £1 5s. Both from Fortnum & Mason, London, W.1. The tool kit has seven useful tools which fit rigidly, as required, into a ratchet handle with special locking device; in plastic case, 17s. 6d.; postage 8d. Druce's, Baker Street, London

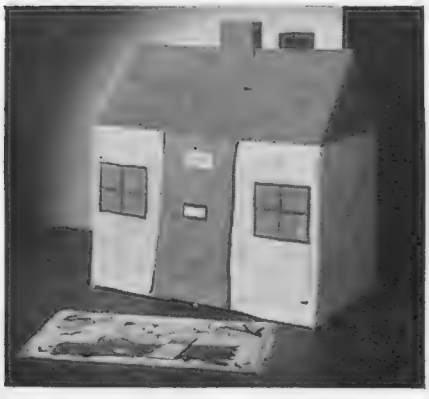
SHOPPING FOR YOU

By

MARGARET SHARP

WE cannot illustrate all the good buys in the shops this year, but here are a few more things to add to your list. For instance: Beautiful graduated Ciro pearls, about sixteen inches in length, cost 52s. 6d. Ciro's, of Regent Street, London. Popular buy for men—"Argylle" wool socks knitted in colourful harlequin squares. Sizes: 10½ to 12, 18s. 6d. a pair. Scotch House, Knightsbridge, London

Practical but pretty Ibis coloured towels. They are hard wearing and absorbent. Hand towels, packed in pairs, from 9s. 11d. to 13s. 11d.; single bath size, approximately 17s. Howard's, Kensington; Glass, Peterborough. Winter warmers : Gor-ray "cuddle skirts" in heavyweight materials and lovely colours, from £3. Palmers, New Bond Street, London. For cold fingers sueded lambskin gloves : ladies, 45s.; men, 47s. 6d. Sheepskin Shop, Oxford St., London, W.1

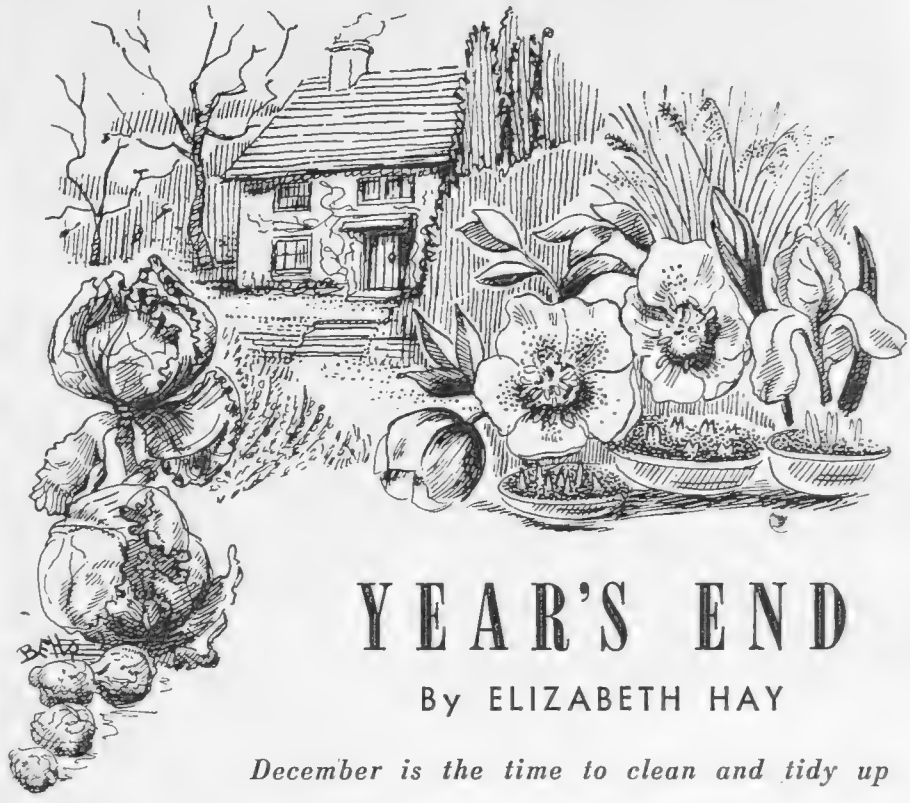


Children will be able to amuse themselves for hours in this canvas play-house; 49 inches high, 50 inches long and 31 inches wide, it has a bright red roof, yellow walls and a green flap door. When not in use, the house can be folded up. £4 17s. 4d., from Gamages, Holborn, London. Favourite children's TV star, Sooty, is on a nursery rug (in front of house) in gay colours. Made of cotton, the rug should be dry-cleaned. Bentalls, Kingston-on-Thames, 24s. 6d.

Besides making you either a cup of tea or coffee automatically, the Goblin "Teasmade" wakes you on time to a lighted bedroom. Complete with kettle, teapot, electric clock and alarm, room lighting panels and tray, £16 14s. 9d. From Army & Navy Stores, Ltd., Victoria Street, London, S.W.1. Shining hair for parties: Dickins & Jones, London, W.1, has a whole range of Mason Pearson hairbrushes from pure bristle 57s. 6d., to pocket nylon, 10s. 6d.

Budget changes in purchase tax announced too late for inclusion in this issue may affect a number of the prices given here and elsewhere

ELIZABETH and her SURREY GARDEN



YEAR'S END

By ELIZABETH HAY

December is the time to clean and tidy up your garden in readiness for the spring

AT this time of year one wanders rather disconsolately round the garden in search of any flowers to bring into the house. The garden looks rather sad and usually very damp, even though the dead leaves have been swept up. This is a job that usually falls to me, and I feel very virtuous when I have done it.

All the same, there are winter blooms like the Ericas, winter-flowering heaths. They are good plants to have, give no trouble and are very hardy. The flowers are in different shades of pinks, mauves and white. A small heath garden, besides being a delightful feature of a larger garden, is very little trouble. It shows colour all the year round, so many are the varieties to be grown, and once planted you can forget it apart from an occasional trimming up, and the heaths practically smother all the weeds. All need an acid soil except *E. carnea* and its varieties, which do not mind a little lime in the soil.

I should hate to be without Christmas Roses. These plants take a year or two to settle down, after being moved, but they are well worth taking trouble with. Protect them from the weather with a cloche over them; one here and there is not unsightly at this time of the year, but without protection the delicate green and white blossoms do suffer from wind and rain. I marvel that such fragile blossoms should flourish as they do in the gales of December.

If you have a small corner against a south or west wall, or a warm, sunny corner with poor but well-drained soil, plant some Iris stylosa—the pale winter-flowering Iris with a sweet scent which grows about twelve inches high. It has been renamed *I. unguicularis*, but I still prefer the old name.

I once put a small vase of these irises (I love their pale whitish-green stems) on the breakfast table; they were all in bud. The electric toaster was near them and we watched fascinated while one and then another bud slowly opened; the final movement of the outer petals, which turn right back, took place with a flick, which you could almost hear. Finding a few beautiful flowers in a sombre winter month is a great thrill, and I feel prouder of my small winter bouquets than of a gorgeous summer bunch.

If your bulbs planted in bowls have been in a cool, dark place for eight or ten weeks, they will probably be ready to bring indoors; by this time they should have rooted well and will have about two or three inches of leaves showing. Don't bring them straight out of the dark and stand them on a window sill in the full light. Put them first in a corner that does not get much light until the yellowish colour of the foliage turns green—it may take two or three days—then bring them nearer to a window, and finally on to a window sill, which is the best place for them. The top (*Continued on page* 80)

The Empty Manger (*Continued from page 12*)

I suppose I shouldn't have let myself go like that, but I did, and that's how it came about that the Vicar was cold and distant to me that Christmas.

I don't know how all the other people I've told you about spent Christmas but I don't suppose any of us spent it very differently from the rest. But I remember wondering how Molly Mossfield and her "brood" were spending their Christmas and I kept wishing I'd been brave enough to send her a card.

The Vicar was still, not exactly angry, but "aloof" to me and that rather shadowed my own Christmas, because I do understand how difficult it is for him and I know too, that even if he is mulish about Roger and Jenny he's a good man and loves his people.

And then, as suddenly as it had begun, Christmas was over and it was Boxing Day and already one felt that Spring was only just round the corner.

And Boxing Day was the day "it" happened.

I told you that the Duchess was going to bring her three older children to the Toy Service and naturally the Vicar wanted everything to go as well as possible because of the Duchess.

He had asked me if I would go into the church in the morning to make sure that everything was all right, because although the church had been cleaned for Christmas, churches, like homes, have a habit of accumulating dust the moment your back is turned. Like every other woman I had a good bit to do in my own home, and though it's a relief to know that you haven't got to cope with turkey and Christmas pudding and all those saucepans on Boxing Day, there is always a lot of clearing up to be done.

BY eleven o'clock I had finished all that was necessary and I put on my old coat and hurried over to the church. A few flakes of snow were scattering down from a bleak sky as I went up the path. I was about five yards from the door when it swung open and the Vicar came rushing out and nearly knocked me over. He quite forgot he was still annoyed with me and he grabbed my arm and said, "It's gone. Stolen. Someone's stolen it. It's sacrilege. And the Duchess coming this afternoon. What on earth am I to do?"

I hadn't the remotest idea what he was talking about and I said, "What's stolen? What's sacrilege? What do you mean?"

He put his hand to his head and said, "It's been done purposely, that's obvious. Someone wants to humiliate me before the Duchess. But why should they. . . ? I. . . ."

"Will you please tell me what is stolen, Vicar? Because it's no use your going on talking to me about this thing till I know what it is that's gone, is it?"

He took his hand from his eyes and he really did look distressed, and then he said, "It's the Christ Child. Someone has stolen it from the Crib. The manger is empty."

"Oh dear!" I said. "But whoever would want to steal the Christ Child? It seems such an odd thing to take. If it had been the candlesticks or the silver. . . ."

We were walking into the church by then and when we reached the Crib which had been set up not far from the west door the Vicar switched on the lights and I looked inside the stable.

Grave, serene, the lovely figures sat or knelt on the layer of straw: the gold-winged angels, the shepherds, the animals, St. Joseph and Our Lady, but one and all they looked down on an empty manger.

Even now, and all this happened some years ago, I remember the queer kind of shock the sight of that empty manger gave me. Not only shock but a feeling of unutterable sadness as though a living child had been taken away. And I understood why it was the Vicar had been so distraught.

I remember seeing the expression on his face as he too bent over the Crib and there was such grief in it that I nearly cried. Then suddenly he straightened and said, "Come outside!" and I saw that the grief had gone and the mulish look had taken its place.

"I'll get to the bottom of this," he said to me when we were out on the path, "and I'll expose the thief before the village." And he said, "I know who's behind it—that man Pooley. Thinks he'll get even with me because I won't have that idiot of a boy of his hanging round Jenny. And because I altered the time of Evensong. . . ."

He was taking long strides down the path by then and I was running to keep up with him so that it was rather breathlessly I said, "But you don't know it was the Admiral. You've no evidence at all that he took it. Please Vicar, don't go rushing off and making a scene before you've had time to think about it, because I'm so afraid. . . ."

But the Vicar took no notice of me at all but rushed on across the lane and banged on the door of Mannings Court, the Admiral's house. I had just about caught up with him when the door opened and the Admiral himself stood there glaring up from his five feet five inches at the Vicar's slim-as-a-lath six feet.

"I have come," said the Vicar, "for the Child you have taken from the Crib. Kindly return it at once."

For a moment I thought the Admiral was going to explode before my eyes. His face became puce, his blue eyes bulged alarmingly. and he drew a few choking breaths through his open mouth. And then he spoke.

"How dare you, sir!" he thundered. "How dare you, I say." As it happened he didn't get a chance for the Vicar didn't give him one. "Disgraceful!" the Vicar was saying. "Sacrilege. A man of your rank and standing——"

And the Admiral was thundering, "I'll sue you for this. I have never heard—How dare you impute—My son—Your daughter——" And so it went on, "a rare set-to" as Roger said later. But finally, out of the torrent of words from both parties, it became clear, even to the Vicar, that the Admiral had not been near the church since the Sunday before, and, by all accounts, would not go near it again while the Vicar was still Vicar.

"I shall see this thing through to the end," the Admiral was saying. "I shall find the thief if it takes me till eight bells. And—" with a terrible look at the Vicar—"When the thief is apprehended, I shall instruct my lawyer."

By then we were out in the lane again and once more I tried to make the Vicar see reason—to make the Admiral see reason was, I realized, a task for a Boadicea or the strong woman in a circus, and I am neither.

"Couldn't you," I murmured, as I half-ran half-walked beside the tall striding figure, "couldn't you ring Robins the policeman—?"

"The police!" the Vicar scorned. "And have the whole affair made a Roman Holiday for everyone to jeer at! Besides, the thing is a vendetta. I know it." He looked at his watch. "Quarter to twelve—and the Toy Service at three. And the Duchess—" He stopped striding suddenly, and he clapped his hand to his head and said, "Miss Barlow! Poor misguided little woman! Of *course*! I see it now—jealousy! She spoke to me on Christmas Eve — Mrs. Pitt-Reeves — the flowers—why didn't I think of it before——"

He was off up the lane in the direction of Miss Barlow's cottage with me still running beside him saying, "But Miss Barlow wouldn't do a thing like that. I'm sure she wouldn't. Please, Vicar, please—" and the Admiral puffing along in the background muttering what sounded like fearful sea-oaths.

Up to Miss Barlow's door strode the Vicar and I saw the little woman framed in it by the time I, beating the Admiral by a short head, reached the gate.

I saw her face crack into a hundred lines and her eyes shoot out rays of anger and I saw her lips open and close as she looked up a long way into the Vicar's face. I just heard the words—"My father would turn in his grave—turn in the grave——" and something about "the window ledges" and then, while the Vicar appeared to what I can only call "shrivel," I saw Miss Barlow reach out her hand and then she too was putting on her old sealskin coat and crashing her black hat with the velvet pansy on it over her hair, and at that moment, up from the lane which led to the woods and the river, came Roger Pooley and beside him—Jenny.

They did not see us, but the Admiral saw them. I heard a muffled roar behind me and both the Vicar and Miss Barlow swung round. "Go to the house at once, sir. At once," thundered the Admiral, and I heard the Vicar's, "Disobedience! Disloyalty! My own daughter. . . . Today of all days. . . ."

There must be something in heredity, for I saw an expression I had seen in the Admiral's eyes come into Roger's and I saw him grip Jenny's hand and then he stepped forward a pace as though to protect her—and how I loved him for it—then quite casually, he said, "Something up?"

"Something up!" roared the Admiral, and I heard the Vicar's "I might have known it. 'Like father like son. . . .'" Then with a pointing finger at Roger, "I presume it is YOU who have taken it. I demand you return it immediately. . . ."

How, with everyone talking at once the poor boy knew what he was being accused of, I'm not sure, but he did, and he faced the Vicar and said, "I say, sir! That's a bit thick, isn't it? I may love Jenny but . . ."

"You wished to humiliate me before the Duchess . . ." the Vicar began and I heard the Admiral's, "My lawyers . . . Counsel . . . Accusations against my flesh and blood . . . Her Majesty's Navy. . . ." and there was Jenny at my side saying, "Oh stop them. Stop them. This is degrading."

But Roger had it all in hand and to spare. Again that "frosted" look came into his eyes. Then he said, "You're wrong, Vicar. I haven't been near the Crib. I certainly love Jenny and you might as well know—and you, father—that I intend to marry her whatever either of you say, but I'd hardly go to such—curious lengths to get her." And then he said, "I suggest to you, sir, that if anyone's taken the Child from the Crib it's Woody Blake, and I don't know that I blame him. He'd carved those figures with his own hands, Vicar, in fact they were not only the work of his hands but of his heart. He loved them, but the Duchess. . . ."

He didn't get any further for the Vicar cut him short.

"Woody Blake! What an idiot I am! Why didn't I think of him in the first place? Obvious, of course . . . The old Crib figures . . . The Duchess's gift. . . ." And he was off up the lane again.

I heard the Admiral behind me puffing and blowing to keep up and I heard Miss Barlow's repeated, "Turn in his grave. Positively turn in his grave, I say. . . ." and then there was the Vicar banging the old iron knocker on Woody's door.

THE door opened and we heard the Vicar's voice and Woody's, "Come, Vicar, come! And why should I do anything so ter'bul as to take the Child from his place? Whatever my grievance I wouldn't stoop so low and it is you who should be ashamed for thinking I would." And then he said, "You hurt me sore when you threw my figures out for the Duchess's ones all gold and silver and so on, and if you want to know, Vicar, I think you was wrong to treat me so. If you'd gone to the Duchess and explained to her she'd never have let it happen for she's a good lady and wouldn't hurt people not if she could help it. But you're a mighty snob, if you'll excuse me, Vicar, and you're frightened to offend the Big Folk though you don't mind hurting us poor folk, and if you ask me, it just serves you right for toadying to the Duchess. . . ."

Once again it seemed to me that the Vicar literally got smaller while Woody stood over him like an Old Testament prophet.

It must have been terrible for him to feel that everyone was against him, and I happened to know that he'd had a cold, and a cold can do such tiresome things to the temper, and I knew too, that in spite of all the appearances and the mistakes he'd made, he loved the old (*Continued on page 63*)

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Imperial Leather Brilliantine, After Shave Lotion and tube of Shaving Cream.
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church and wanted it to look beautiful for God's sake and not his own.

I saw him turn away from "Woody's" door in a defeated sort of manner and I heard Jenny, who'd come close to me say, "I can't bear it. What can we do? If only we could think who's taken it——"

But I couldn't "think" any more than Jenny could.

I don't quite know how it was that we all came to be walking back towards the church, not down the lane, but across the field path which led to the churchyard on the north side.

Even the Admiral wasn't saying anything now, neither was Miss Barlow, and Roger and Jenny were walking hand in hand.

"Perhaps," I said, rather foolishly, to the Vicar, "whoever has taken it will bring it back. Please stop worrying——"

He didn't answer. He just walked on, his face set, his shoulders hunched.

And then, coming towards us along the path, I saw a small figure pushing a doll's pram and as we got nearer I realized that it was the child Janna, Molly Mossfield's latest addition.

SHE was walking slowly, her small face grave, and every now and then she glanced down at the pram, and as we got closer to her I heard her singing a little tune.

The Vicar barely glanced at her until, when we were almost level with her he stopped and looked down at her, a curious expression on his face, as though he were considering whether to ask her if she had seen The Child.

The little girl stopped her singing and stared up at him, and, at the same moment as I myself did, I saw the Vicar look inside the pram.

It was a very big "doll" that was in that pram, covered with a grubby piece of blanket. There was an old woolly hat with a pom-pon on the top on its head—but beneath the woolly hat, a slight band of gold was showing, and the eyes——

But the Vicar was down on one knee on the path and his hand was on the woolly hat removing it from the "doll's" head, and there, serene, faintly smiling, the face of the Christ Child looked back at him over the top of the tucked-in piece of blanket.

He turned to the little girl and in a stern voice he said, "You have been into the church. You have stolen the Christ Child."

Only for a moment—oh, less than that—the child seemed to flinch from his tone, and then she looked up into his face, and said, "I gaved he a ride."

"You are a very naughty girl," said the Vicar. "How dared you go into the church and take him out of the Crib?"

Large black eyes still regarded him. The baby mouth trembled. "But I *promised* him," the child answered, and her eyes stared gravely into the Vicar's eyes. "Molly said if I was good and didn't mind when my leg hurt, he might send me a doll's pram. And Molly said he loved me more'n all the world." She waved her hand in a wide circle. And then she said, 'And I said if he sent it I'd give him the first ride in it. And he did sent it yesterday, because it was his birthday, you know. I'm not a naughty girl. My name's Janna and I asked the Lady in the stable and she said, 'That's all right, Janna. You can take him for a ride in your new pram. He'd like it.' So I wrapped him in the dog's blanket in case he were cold and that's Muriel's hat only you've taked it off. Give it to me, please, and then I'll take him back to he's mother." And the child bent over the pram and patted the blanket and said, "There, darling it's all right. Janna will love you and take you home. . . ."

I shall never forget the Vicar's expression as he turned and looked at me, while he knelt on one knee on the path as the snow flakes filtered down from the overcast sky.

I had seen that expression on his face only once before when they let him into the bedroom the night after Jenny was born, when they told him I might not live. And as his eyes met mine I knew that, tiresome as he was at times and mulish and hot tempered, I loved him and always should because, besides being the Vicar, he was my husband, my "man," for better or worse till death parted us.

There isn't much more to say.

Silence came over us all as we stood there. No one spoke, no one moved, as Janna took the hat from the Vicar's hand and in a matter-of-fact, oddly maternal way, stretched it over the Child's head and patted it straight. We were all silent too, as without taking any notice of us, she turned the pram and began to walk back towards the church.

Led by the Vicar we followed her.

At the door, we saw her take the Child out of the pram, unwind the blanket from his body and take the hat from his head. Then, holding him in her arms and making a funny little crooning noise, she passed through the arched door. Silent still, we followed her.

The Vicar switched on the lights and we saw her kneel down and lay the Christ Child back in the manger. She settled him, put the straw a little closer to his body, gave him a last touch on his head and turned and went out of the church again. We watched her pass into the thin light by the open door, her small figure marching steadily, unconcernedly on, then she disappeared into the darkness of the porch.

By the time we were outside in the cold, bleak day, she was pushing the empty pram up the field path again.

The Vicar stood watching her for a moment; then he turned to us. He made a little gesture of a sort of resignation and then, "I have nothing to say to you," he said. "There is nothing to say. Unless it is that I would ask you to—forgive me. . . ."

We didn't answer. How could we? As he had said, there was nothing to say, for the little Polish child had said it all—and he wasn't the only one who needed forgiveness.

I stood beside him as the others went down the path under the lych-gate. The Admiral stomped along, head down, hands deep in his pockets, just in front of Miss Barlow whose black hat was askew on her head. Roger had his arm round Jenny's shoulders. Woody Blake's boots clanked steadily down one after another.

When they had gone, the Vicar took hold of my hand, and like that, hand in hand, we went home.

There is only one more thing to add. The following day a friend of my husband's whom he had not seen for some time, called on us. He was, he said, in our district to visit a friend.

I saw the Vicar look up with a quizzical expression, almost as though he expected what was coming. It came—in a few short sentences.

The friend was the daughter of Conrad Marsden, the Irish portrait painter, unconventional to a degree, but a darling. Her husband and child had been killed in a car smash and she had decided to "adopt a family," of displaced children. The latest addition was a little Polish girl who'd had a particularly evil time but already—and she had only been with Mrs. Mossfield a few months—she had improved tremendously. It was, he remarked, astonishing what love and care could do for a child. Mrs. Mossfield herself painted quite a bit, he told us, and sometimes she sat to some of her father's friends who visited her. Jan Kirsche had done a delightful little thing of her back in the summer. But surely we must know her. . . .

I met my husband's eyes and for a moment I thought he was going to say, "Dressing-gown! Of course! Why didn't I realize . . ." He didn't say that. He drew a breath and a queer smile touched his lips. Then he said, "My wife knows her better than I do. My wife nearly always knows people better than I do." And he added, "And my wife will tell you that I am not only a snob but a fool, and it often amazes me that she has borne with me for twenty-five years."

I didn't answer. How could I? But taking out the dirty plates I thought of that feeling of loss when I saw the empty manger and I knew that, in spite of what the Vicar had said, his wife wasn't any different from the rest, for she hadn't even had the courage to go against opinion and call on Molly Mossfield.

And I thought how far we all were from Love.

END

NEXT MONTH

in our **JANUARY** *issue*

TILTING AT WINDMILLS...?

Perhaps. Few of us are likely to own a windmill but if you find these quaint old structures fascinating you will enjoy seeing the plans that a woman architect has made for converting one of them into a comfortable home.

Lady Cayley

"NO HOME OF YOUR OWN..."

"No home of your own, no car, no bathroom, no peace," says Lady Cayley, lovely talented mother of seven equally lovely daughters. Meet this new, witty personality of radio and television in next month's issue, writing with a twinkle in her eyes, of the pains and pleasures of being mother to the Cayley girls.

BEAUTY'S GUINEA PIGS

Max Factor, the well-known cosmetician, who has beautified faces from Hollywood to the Himalayas tells his own back-room story of his Beauty Guinea Pigs—some of them girls (beautiful enough to be film stars in their own right) and some genuine piglets. All are targets for the research men who experiment to produce cosmetics which reach their ultimate targets on our faces.

YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

"Go to your room," could be a command that a twelve-year-old boy would hear with pleasure if the room were designed and furnished to his own liking. Margaret Bowie conducted a survey amongst some schoolboys to discover what they like best to have around them and the room pictured in colour in next month's issue is, as one might say, a summing up.

on sale December 30th

Dining Out In Victorian London (*Continued from page 29*)

it is rather sad to find how many of the great restaurants of fifty years ago are gone and often already forgotten.

The luxurious Hotel Cecil and the once celebrated Romano's in the Strand; Gatti's; the resplendent Frascati's; the Coburg in Carlos Place (listed as 10s. 6d. *table d'hôte* and *haute cuisine Française*); Metropole in Northumberland Avenue which flourished even in the 1920's when it drew all London with its then daring innovation, "The Midnight Follies."

Who now remembers the Walsingham House in Piccadilly, a suitable but not inexpensive place, it appears, to take maiden aunts? Aunt, the Colonel tells us, arrived in a four-wheeler, told the cabby to call for her again at 9.30 p.m. and expressed the fervent hope that she would not be mistaken for one of the Colonel's actress-friends. Auntie's susceptibilities in this regard were more delicate than her appetite because this is what she ate: hors d'oeuvres, mock turtle soup, filets de sole Dutru, tournedos Walsingham (with truffles and a pink sauce) accompanied by soufflé potatoes, suprême de volaille Jeannette (a cold entrée), wild duck, fonds d'artichants Hollandaises, Neapolitan ice and pastry all washed down with champagne and liqueurs.

No wonder the meal ended with Aunt telling the Colonel with a happy smile that she considered him the scapegrace of the family. It cost him £1 13s. 6d.

There is a fascinating list of restaurants at the beginning of the Colonel's book with prices and a general description of the food. Thus—the Royal Academy in Sackville Street which offered a table d'hôte for 2s. 6d. This, I presume, did not include a view of the pictures; Chicks in Long Acre dismissed with the comment, "Fish and tripe"; The Ship and Turtle in the City against which is the single magnificent word, "Banquets."

OF course, quite a few of the restaurants referred to still maintain a successful and honourable existence. Pagani's in Great Portland Street, for example; the Cheshire Cheese, Kettner's, the Café Royal, the Savoy and Berkeley, Verrey's, Simpson's, the Trocadero and a few more besides. But the character of many of these has inevitably changed.

All that remains of the once sumptuous Carlton Hall is the Carlton Grill; Prince's Hall, Piccadilly, is now the Pigalle.

But where are those fascinatingly-named hostelries like Willis's Rooms in King Street, St. James's, noted there for its French cuisine, or the rather costly Quadrant at Earl's Court which charged as much as 7s. 6d. for a table d'hôte meal before the turn of the century?

Do not think, by the way, that the Colonel was always satisfied with his dinner. "The turbot and the caper sauce," (he complains, referring to a meal at the Restaurant des Gourmets, formerly in Lisle Street and not to be confused with the present "Au Jardin des Gourmets" in Greek Street), "I did not care for very much." This plainly irritated the Colonel for he adds that it was "the most expensive part of the dinner."

On this occasion, incidentally, he ventured a pint of *vin ordinaire* which he thought was probably of Corsican or Sardinian origin. "A rough, strong wine," he comments. Fair enough at 6d. a pint.

The meal, including hors d'oeuvres, soup, fish, entrée, omelette, cheese and wine cost 2s. 7d.! If the Colonel did not care much for the turbot, at least it had only cost 8d., even if it was the most expensive item on the bill.

Again at Earl's Court, although his lamb cutlet was hot and well-cooked, the Colonel expressed the view that the chicken that succeeded it "could not have led a happy life."

The Colonel seems to have dined at one time or another at every hotel and restaurant that existed in London in 1898, and at some rather more exclusive establishments to boot.

At the House of Commons where (while "Mr. Austen Chamberlain in a grey Ascot suit and a blue-and-white shirt, hovered about the desk by the entrance as if waiting for someone who did not appear") he ate "excellent" whitebait, duck and strawberry ice.

Taking note of the menu, the Colonel records that the *consommé Brunoise* cost 5d. and the *noisettes de mouton aux haricots verts*, half a crown. From the list he gathered also that the hon. members could dine off two courses for 1s. 9d., three for 2s. 3d. and four for 3s.!

A banquet at the Mercers' Hall, Cheapside, is also carefully annotated, and sumptuous it was, too. Turtle soup, sole or salmon, quail, mousse of foie-gras, haunch of venison and saddle of mutton, duck, chicken, tongue, ham and shrimps, fruit salads, jellies, meringues and cream, ices and *quenelles au parmesan* with which to finish up.

"My host told me of the great store of the old clarets and ports that the Mercers had in their cellars," recalls the writer. At that dinner, the wines included Madeira, Hock Steinburg 1883, Château Yquem 1887 (served surprisingly, with the quail and before the champagne and venison), Pommery 1884, Chaubertin 1881 (with the fowl), a Château Latour 1875 claret (astonishingly with the sweet) and a '63 port.

Ho hum! Let's slip out for an Espresso and a hamburger, shall we?

END

The Mixture As Before

(*Continued from page 13*)

asking where things are kept and just put them away anywhere, which makes life more unexpected than usual for mothers during the next few weeks.

Fathers and uncles become invisible and inaudible during all this activity, and their existence is eventually re-affirmed—according to their age and generation—by either the faint sound of distant snoring or the stronger sound of young George wanting his train set.

It is in the evenings that older fathers and uncles turn out to be the life and soul of the party—after the tea things have been washed up and when mothers and aunts are ready for a nap. Fathers and uncles are experts at inventing games which involve the use of mothers' and aunts' new fur coats and any new ornaments.

The main thing about children at Christmas is that they are ready to start at 4 a.m. and only get tired when everyone else is ready to start. They are not tired at bed-time, and are going to say so. One way is to let them take the train set to bed with them, but not all mothers are courageous enough for this, partly because of fathers.

Aunts are notable for being weak and giving children chocolates before lunch or dinner and, when the time comes, bribing them to go to bed. Children remind mothers about this for weeks and weeks and weeks.

Grandmothers are slightly inclined this way, too, which mothers and fathers find surprising and about which, sometimes just for a moment, they feel a little bitter. Grandmothers have a very *mixed* kind of Christmas. They enjoy being with their families and making new pencil marks on the most unlikely-to-be-seen bit of wallpaper to record George's extra inches since last Christmas, but everything is also very worrying. For everything is being done wrongly.

Grandmothers can hardly bear to watch all the mistakes mothers make in the cooking; sometimes they can't bear it at all, and say so. And sometimes they don't bother to say so, but take action. And the thing to remember during all this is that children can hear through several thicknesses of wall and frequently possess the most astonishing gifts of mimicry.

The only members of the family who have a really easy time at Christmas are grandfathers and dogs. Grandfathers are delighted with their presents, with their food, and with everyone else, and don't care at all how anything is cooked or who does the washing up or what time the children go to bed.

And neither do dogs. Dogs get all their usual comforts plus Christmas presents of rubber balls and new collars with their telephone numbers engraved *and* somebody else to pick up the wrapping paper. And in addition here is all this lovely excitement and lots of feet to get under, and all sorts of extra tit-bits that people don't know what else to do with.

And so it goes on. I believe it always has gone on, and always will. Christmas dinner, crackers, forgetting the stuffing, the perfume we've always wanted, perfume we hate, cross children, laughing children, not enough mince-pies, balloons, funny hats, tummy-aches, headaches, excited dogs, Christmas cards everywhere, and more of everything than at any other time of the year.

Of course it's all what it used to be, in spirit and enjoyment, if we take the trouble to make it so. Let's face it, there never *was* enough money.

And I, personally, don't believe that it ever *did* snow at Christmas.

END

Their Mutual Friends

(*Continued from page 16*)

similar to this in five years time; things will be different then.

What about the direct results of television on children at Christmas time? Like most other mothers I like my children to make things for themselves, to use their own hands and their own intelligence and I try to teach them to the best of my ability. My ability, however, just does not compare with that of arts and crafts teachers at some of the finest schools. It is these teachers who appear on television, and with years of teaching experience and craftsmanship show boys and girls how to make the most delightful objects out of practically nothing.

Last year my offspring produced a wonderful crop of table decorations, toys, mats and Christmas cards. I was given a present of the time that would normally have been spent with them making far less attractive stuff. That little extra time is a godsend to every mother. She can do all sorts of things with it. She becomes better tempered (so help me), a much nicer person to have in the family. The children are kept busy and end up with a sense of achievement. It is surprising too, the amount of money that is saved by using their home-made decorations and presents which are far more appreciated than things that are bought.

Then there is music, dancing, good English, pleasant personalities, all absorbed by eager minds quite unaware that what they are enjoying is doing them good. And all the time they are taking in a store of general knowledge that the most avid reading could not equal.

On the purely physical side most children use up such an enormous amount of energy during their holidays that the odd half-hour or hour watching their own particular programmes gives their bodies a welcome rest . . . and an opportunity to digest turkey and mince pies.

Which reminds me . . . they will probably want to stuff themselves with television. Moderation is not part of a child's make-up Well, probably when we get right down to it, the most exciting thing about Christmas is the immoderate amount of good things. My personal wish to you all is that good viewing may add to the many joys of this festive season.

END

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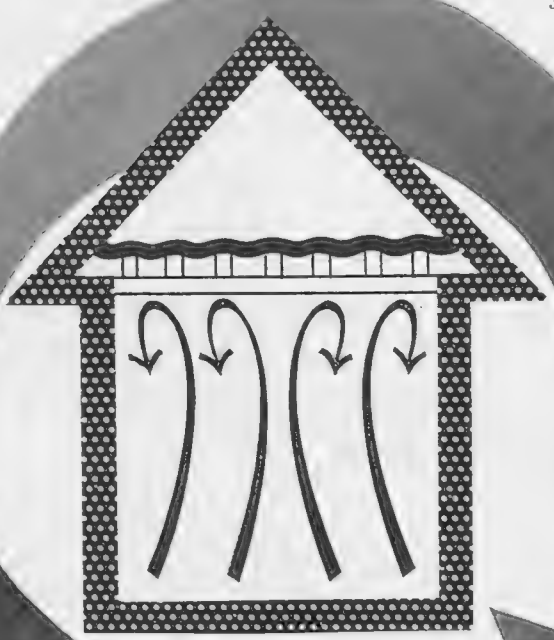

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It's wonderful—you really don't know you're wearing it. That's the best thing about Tampax. You don't have to start working out dates and all the rest of it—you just know you'll be all right.

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Help, please

THE age-old greeting, A Happy Christmas, can be a few conventional words of type on a greeting card or it can be a heartfelt wish that, truly meant, gathers momentum and spreads the mantle of goodwill over the earth with resultant happiness among people and in places that we may never see.

The wider meaning of the Christmas greeting offers to all the opportunity to make a personal contribution to the happier world for which we long. We therefore offer these reminders of the charities which we know to be in need and deserving of the aid which a personal and practical greeting will bring them.

DR. BARNARDO'S

Something of the magnitude of the work of Dr. Barnardo's Homes can be judged by the fact that 21,000 meals are provided for the children in their care—no less than seven and a half million in twelve months. There are more than 7,000 boys and girls constantly supported in these Homes—robust children, little invalids, tiny tots.

SALVATION ARMY

"Good King Wenceslas" in the garb of the Salvationist will be celebrating in his genial and generous manner from the blue lagoons of Hawaii to the snow-covered lands of Alaska. In all five continents the Salvation Army endeavours to compass the needs of the neediest, irrespective of colour or creed.

At home a programme is planned to celebrate the birth of the Babe of Bethlehem with packed stockings for parentless children and the traditional Christmas dinner for the old people; little comforts that count so much for the sick in home and hospital; entertainments in which those who rank among the less fortunate of society may share.

CHURCH ARMY

The Church Army was founded in 1882 in the back streets of Westminster to fight poverty and squalor wherever it is found—and to preach the gospel to every creature. The work goes on today in parishes and prisons; in the Church Army Homes for mothers and babies; at their Fresh Air Homes along the coast and in their Sunset and Anchorage Homes for old people.

N.A.P.T.

The fight against tuberculosis is one of the most convincing "success" stories of today. No longer do we count T.B. patients in millions. Today it is in thousands.

Each bit of new knowledge, each word of encouragement for the sick helps the conquest of T.B. and makes a better world for all of us. Of this "success story" we know the beginning—but not yet the end.

This is the purpose of the N.A.P.T. appeal to you: use the Christmas seals of the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis widely—generously—confidently. Help to bring this story to a triumphant end.

Goodwill and Good Cheer at Christmas

When considering those to whom you will extend "good cheer", will you send a gift to The Salvation Army for those less fortunate, outside the circle of your family and friends? Your help will be gratefully received at 113, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C.4.

The Salvation Army

Please send a Christmas Gift to the

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A Happy Christmas

But warm-hearted sympathy is not enough to fill an empty grate and a lonely heart. Please give generously to the

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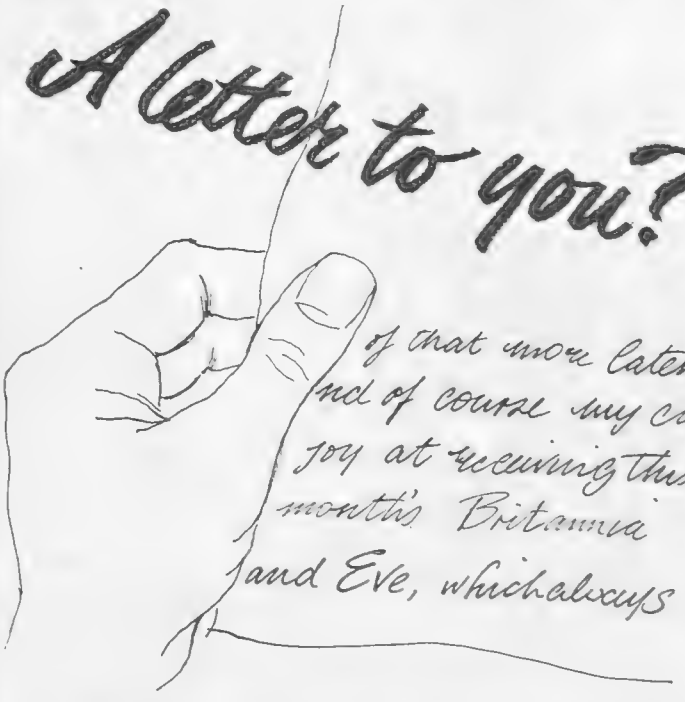

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Up At The Sitio (*Continued from page 19*)

anger mounting within her. This tall taut man with the sunburnt, lined face was being rude, unnecessarily rude, she thought.

She bit her lip and began packing her things away. Once she stole a glance at him, but he was staring over her head and the wide tiled roof of the Sitio to the distant bay, misty and almost white in the bright sunlight.

Louise stood up, tucked her package under her arm, and then stopping in front of him, said furiously: "And if you do own this place, you should take more care of it. The garden is all overgrown, it's a shame, it's so lovely, and if you go away and leave it empty for so long you are lucky not to have mulatto squatters in every room and not just me trespassing on your hill slope. Goodbye." And she walked away quickly.

At the curve of the path she turned. There he stood, austere, very still, staring over his neglected garden with his bitter lined face lifted to the sun's glare. Louise shrugged, perplexed, half angry, half sorry for him. In any case she was not likely to see him again. The only thing she regretted was that she would never again spend happy, lazy afternoons on the Sitio hill slopes. They had been something she looked forward to, and something she remembered.

When she got back her mother was waiting for her.

"Darling had you forgotten we are going to the Sinclairs' tonight?"

"Oh, not really. Am I late? I've just time for a bath if I hurry." She kissed her mother. "Did you have a bad time at the dentist?"

"No, there was hardly anything to do. Now hurry dear or we'll be late. Your father is meeting us there. He is going straight on from the office. What are you going to wear?"

"Mmm, my champagne silk thing, I think."

"Lovely," said her mother, busy with orange stick and cotton-wool over her nails.

AN hour later, stepping into the Sinclairs' doorway wearing her champagne silk, Louise saw him again.

He was standing holding Elizabeth Sinclair's hand and laughing at something she was saying, at ease, charming, and yes, young. She had not realized how young he was. Up there on the hill slope of the Sitio he had seemed older, unapproachable, rather frightening. She could hardly believe he was the same man.

Elizabeth came forward smiling.

"Louise, my dear, how pretty you look, I'm so glad you could come. Let me introduce you to Simon Range, I don't think you know him. He is just back from England." She smiled at them both and went to meet her next guest.

Suddenly embarrassed, he realized that he was holding her hand and not Elizabeth's.

"How do you do Miss Cloudsley," he said. "I'm afraid I owe you an apology. I was very rude to you this afternoon."

Louise smiled faintly but said nothing. There was a pause and then he said stiffly: "Of course you must come and paint at the Sitio whenever you want to, it is a beautiful place. . . ." He stopped suddenly and bowing slightly, left her, bewildered, flattered and delighted that she would be able to visit the Sitio after all.

It was a gay party and Louise enjoyed herself, but all the evening she found herself looking for Simon Range, catching glimpses of him, talking, laughing, listening, his lean, sunburnt face relaxed. What a queer man he is, she thought, and then forgot him. Paul was taking her out to dinner and presently he claimed her. Just as they were leaving, Simon Range detached himself from a group of people and touched her arm.

"I hope you will take me at my word and come up to the Sitio and paint whenever you feel like it. I really mean it," he said. Louise nodded, not thanking him. She was still a little angry at his behaviour and she found him disturbing, and a little exciting.

All week she was busy at the Art School, but on Sunday a cool breeze blew in from the sea and Louise could resist the temptation no longer.

"I'll go," she decided. "I don't suppose I'll even see him, anyway."

So she went, riding in the clanking, screeching tram until she found herself climbing the steep, winding path to the Sitio gates. She had an uneasy feeling that some of Simon Range's bitterness would have invaded the atmosphere of the place, that it would not be the same, never would be, and then she saw the gates. The broken hinge had been mended, some of the creeping vines pulled away to reveal the beautiful iron work, and a hole in the drive had been filled in.

She pushed open the gate and walked in. And it was all the same. Nothing had changed. There was the same feeling of mystery and happiness that she always felt, the peace and security of shutting away the rest of the world. Nothing had been spoilt. She walked past the house. Windows were open, but no one was about. From the kitchen chimney came a thin steady plume of smoke, and on one of the hill slopes she saw a man and a boy clearing away undergrowth.

She settled down on the scented hillside and began to paint, absorbed and happy. The painting began to grow. It was good. She laid down her brush and surveyed it critically, when out of the corner of her eye she saw someone on the terrace. It was Simon Range, and at the same moment he caught sight of her. He stood quite still as if trying to make up his mind, then slowly he began to climb the hill towards her.

He stood beside her for a moment without speaking, and then: "I wondered if you would like to have lunch with me," he said. "It's very simple, I'm afraid, but it will be good. I've a wonderful Portuguese woman who looks after me, and she's an excellent cook." He was polite but severe, and his mouth remained unsmiling.

"Well, I brought some sandwiches, but—yes, I'd like to come." Together they went down the hill slope to the house, not talking much.

When they reached the terrace he said: "If you want a wash Laura will show you where everything is. . . . Oh, Laura, show the *Senhorita* where she can wash and tidy herself."

It was all rather like a dream, thought Louise. There was a dream-like quality about the day with the silence of great heat covering everything, and this meeting with Simon, and entering the house which she had only seen from outside until now. The dark cool rooms, shuttered against the midday sun, were as mysterious as caves.

Laura paused before a door, flung it open and announced with pride: "The bathroom, very beautiful, very hygienic, the *Senhor* only built it just before he left for England. . . ." Her smile faded. "I must attend to something in the kitchen," she said, "Excuse me, *Senhorita*."

Louise allowed the icy cold water to run deliciously over her wrists, combed her blown hair and applied her lipstick, then, feeling refreshed and more confident she walked slowly back through the house.

NOW that she was more accustomed to the darkness, she was able to see the rooms better. The sitting-room was furnished with comfortable cane and wood chairs, and table lamps with new pretty shades took the place of central lighting. Through a graceful archway she saw the dining-room with an oval polished table and antique Portuguese chairs.

There were books everywhere and a roll of magazines still in their paper wrapper on a table in the sitting-room, and yet over everything hung an air of sadness, almost despair. The rooms lacked curtains and rugs and flowers. They seemed to be used but not lived in, and there were the closed doors that she was sure led into empty rooms.

In her mind she rearranged and added to the rooms. They could be so attractive, she thought, and then went out on to the terrace where a table was laid under the mango tree, the blotched shadow and sunlight making patterns on the white table cloth.

Lunch was delicious, cooked and served by the gentle-eyed Laura, and under the soothing influence of good food and beautiful surroundings Louise relaxed. Sitting there, she suddenly found that she was perfectly at ease, even happy, with this strange complicated man.

Reluctantly she rose to finish her painting.

"I've a buyer for this one," she told him. "So it must be done. I've promised it for this week."

Unexpectedly he said: "I'd like to buy something you paint, the house, of course, a corner of this terrace and the view perhaps. . . ." And then his face went bitter and he left her abruptly.

THIS was the first of many hours they spent together. Sometimes it was lunch on the cool terrace overlooking the bay, sometimes it was iced drinks at the end of the afternoon just before the dark eveningless night shut down on the countryside, sometimes he would walk up the hill, watch her painting for a while and leave abruptly with no explanation and no invitation.

Always for Louise there were these blank walls. She would begin to feel that he really liked her, enjoyed her company and found her restful, and then he would suddenly stare at her almost with a look of dislike so that she would make excuses and escape, hating him, not understanding, but always drawn back to the Sitio against her will.

One day as they sat drinking coffee after lunch on the terrace, he said: "I was abominably rude to you the first time we met. You must have thought me the most frightful boor. Three months ago I went home to England to get married. I had long leave and everything was fixed. When I got there, she had changed her mind."

"How awful for you," said Louise softly, not looking at him, afraid of breaking this moment of intimacy between them.

"It was. I'd been looking forward to it for months, building things up, planning. . . ." He went on as if it was a relief for him to talk. "As you know, I work for Fernadez the big coffee people. There was no chance of my being moved from Rio, so I bought this house. I'd always liked the place, and I planned all sorts of improvements. . . ." He stopped and stared at Louise, she saw the old bitter look come back into his face.

"Oh, no," she cried. "Don't be like that about it. Of course, you feel angry and unhappy now, but you won't always feel like that."

"Everything seemed hopeless," he went on, "I tried to shrug it off and enjoy my leave, I had plenty of friends, but it was no good. I was sour inside." He smiled grimly, staring out across the shimmering garden.

Huge floppy blue butterflies hovered over a split fruit, and everywhere the colours of the tropical flowers and the dark beautiful shapes of leaves made a brilliant kaleidoscope.

"I came back," he said, "came back, deciding to forget about her and all women, not to get involved, not to get hurt, lose myself in the Sitio and my work. I had some vague idea about doing the place up and then selling it, but most of all I wanted the peace and solitude for a few months to myself, while I got things sorted out. And then the very first day I got here, I found you . . ." he glared angrily at her now ". . . You, sitting on the hill slope as if you owned the place, looking so pretty and frivolous and nice to know. . . ."

"No wonder you were angry," said Louise gently.

He seemed suddenly to see her, Louise, as she was, sitting cool and relaxed in his cane chair eating a lime and looking at him with her topaz eyes, her yellow hair hanging nearly to her shoulders.

"You're sweet, Louise," he said. "It was unforgiveable. I could have been polite." He leant forward and there was a look in his eyes that Louise had never seen before. Tenderness. She longed to be able to comfort him, to tell him that (*Continued on page 70*)

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she loved him and would always be there when he wanted her. But she knew better than to try. Already his eyes were hostile and he scowled suddenly as if he regretted his confidences, hated her for knowing and for pitying him.

"Well, I must finish my painting," she said quickly. "Thank you for lunch. As usual, it was delicious." And she went without a backward glance, leaving him before he had time to hurt her.

Three days later, as she was preparing to leave in the evening, he said unexpectedly: "I'll walk to the gate with you."

They strolled through the garden, hearing all about them the soft whirrings and hissings of the night insects. Firefly lights winked in the long grasses and down by the stream frogs honked, the air was warm and scented and Louise was lifted to an ecstasy of happiness, wanting to go on walking forever in the soft mysterious night with its scents and sounds and to feel Simon's hand gently brushing hers. At the gate they stopped.

Slowly Simon put out his hands and caught her shoulders, then she was in his arms and he was kissing her fiercely, and she knew that he had wanted to do it for a long time, and was dizzy with happiness. Suddenly he let her go, so abruptly that she nearly fell.

"I'm not sorry about that," he said, and it was too dark to see his face. "But I want you to forget it." His voice was rough. "I'm leaving Rio tomorrow, I still have a month's leave to put in and I've decided to go to Piamba where I have friends. I hope to get some sailing. I'm taking the eight o'clock plane tomorrow night. Goodbye." She could see him standing there in the starlight, hands in pockets, taut and bitter. Every line in his body was bitter.

"Why do you have to go?" she asked, and tears began to rise in her throat.

He began to speak, and then stopped. Miserably Louise wondered whether he had been going to say that there was nothing to keep him in Rio and had thought better of it.

"Please go," he said gently, and then harder and fiercer, "Go."

She turned and stumbled down the path, tears blinding her. She felt bruised with misery and bewilderment and longed for the quiet seclusion of her own room where she could fling herself on her bed and cry it all out of her.

SOMEHOW she managed to get through the next day, somehow she managed to smile when Paul came up to her and said, "Say, you look a bit under the weather Louise, how about a quiet dinner with me tonight to put you right?"

Dear Paul, her affection for him had nothing to do with this tearing love she felt for Simon Range, with his sarcastic old-young face, and bitter tongue.

"No Paul, thanks all the same. Some other time. I'm not feeling too bright, I'll go home and fuss myself." She smiled. "I'll be fine tomorrow, you see."

At seven thirty Louise was at the Sitio. She sat on the terrace leaning against a stone pillar watching the thousand jewel lights of the city below. From here she would see Simon's plane take off in half an hour, at eight o'clock. It would fly right over the Sitio and turn north, and he would be gone.

Until then she would sit and remember some of the times when they had been happy, sitting here on the terrace talking lazily in the midday heat, sipping cool drinks after the long, hot day, she would remember the time that she had seen tenderness in his eyes, and the time that he had kissed her. . . .

All at once, with the merest flick of its tail, she became aware of the snake. Without moving the rest of her, she turned her head, and saw it, coiling itself ring on ring, three feet away from where she sat. Its ugly flat head swayed backwards and forwards, and the unblinking eyes never moved from her face.

A cold numbing fear gripped her. She was so close that if she moved it would strike, coil after coil would unwind like a spring and with the force of a bullet. She felt so weak that her body trembled, but she stared at the snake, trying to gain control over her paralysed brain.

I mustn't move, she thought, I mustn't move. Stare at it. Stare it out. Silently they wrestled with their eyes, and then Louise knew that she could not stand it much longer. If it went on staring at her she would walk right up to it like any frightened bird. It was so horrible sitting there and not being able to do anything.

I can't stand it, she thought, I must scream and run. I can't stand it.

There was a sudden movement at the end of the terrace and a crack like a whip and Simon was beside her beating at the snake with a stick and shouting: "Run!"

Louise ran, flattening herself against the house wall with her hands spread on the cool plaster, watching.

Presently he stopped beating at the snake. It still writhed at his feet, but it was dead. He flung down his stick, kicked the snake slithering down the steps, and came swiftly to her side.

"Darling, darling," he said, holding her in his arms, "Louise, my darling, are you all right?" He held her tightly kissing her gently over and over again.

"I'm all right," Louise said shakily, "Just scared. It was rather a big one wasn't it? And so close." She laughed uncertainly, and then asked suddenly: "Simon, why are you here? I thought you would be at the airport, I came to watch your plane."

"I couldn't go," he said. "Darling, I couldn't go. You suddenly meant all the world to me, it's been like that for a long time, but I wouldn't let myself believe it."

Up At The Sitio

"Why not?"

"Well," he gave a deep sigh as if drawing out of himself something painful. "I thought I loved Mary the girl I went home to marry, and I couldn't believe it could happen again so soon." He stroked her hair, feeling her still shuddering after the snake. "Don't you see how I felt? I was afraid of being hurt again, angry with myself and with you, I didn't believe in anything very much, I wanted to be left alone."

"And now?" Louise asked very softly.

"And now I know it is no good running away, I should love you just as much in Piamba. I am suddenly sure of myself, this is different, quite different, and I want to make up for having hurt you so often, when really all the time I loved you. Can you forgive me?"

"Of course, of course, Simon, and I'm so happy I feel light-headed."

"No wonder, after what you have been through. We'll go in and you shall sit down while I mix you a drink, and Laura shall make us some coffee, good and strong and black." He rocked her in his arms. "And Louise, say that you'll marry me, here on the terrace where I've longed to tell you how much I love you. Darling will you marry me?"

"Yes, oh yes." Her eyes reflected the stars that glittered in the blue-black sky, she laughed shakily, "Oh look, Simon, there goes your plane."

END

The Legends Of Glamis (*Continued from page 43*)

anonymous ghost, the Grey Lady, who haunts the vicinity of the chapel. She is very small and carries a bible in her hand. One wouldn't mind, perhaps, meeting her on the stair—but *she* is more particular and only discloses herself to members of the family.

There is, however, one ghost that anyone may see if he dares: the Mad Earl who, in a fit of despair, flung himself from the battlements on to the stones below. All you have to do, they say, is to climb the winding tower stairway up on to the battlements, throw yourself over—*and yes, he will follow you down!*

Glamis was a royal hunting lodge in very early times and the present castle, part of which dates back to the fourteenth century, has housed many kings and queens.

In the family archives there is still the Royal Menu written in French for Mary, Queen of Scots, when she stayed there on her expedition against the Gordons. Although the weather was "*extremely foule and colde*," writes Randolph, "*I never saw her merrier, never dismayed.*"

Here, too, is the sword and silver watch of Prince James, the Young Pretender, who left them with the family after the young Earl of Strathmore had been killed fighting for his cause at Killiecrankie.

In the Banqueting Hall, with its gold-framed family portraits, is another memento of the courts of Kings. Folded neatly in a cupboard is the motley coloured suit of the family jester: his quips and jests forgotten now and the little bells long silent.

There was not only a family fool kept at the castle but also a resident hangman. On the topmost floor is a high-gabled attic, now partly gutted by fire, which is known as the Hangman's Room. Here he used to live and here at the end he hanged himself with one of his own ropes. The plaster crumbles from the walls and the gaily-painted fireplace strikes an odd incongruous note. Nobody uses the room now. The last man to sleep there was found next morning with his hair turned white and he would not say what he had seen.

Anyone hearing only these sombre stories might imagine Glamis to be a grim and forbidding place.

On the contrary, a first view of the castle at the end of the mile-long avenue puts one in mind of an enchanted fairy-tale palace, for its corbelled turrets, pinnacles and towers are built of local sandstone which, on a sunny day, glows a surprising rosy-pink.

Inside the private apartments one is made even more aware that this is a gracious home which has been loved and cared for by the same family for many generations.

In the Queen Mother's Bedroom stands the four-poster bed with its coverlet and canopy embroidered by a former Countess of Strathmore. Inside the canopy is a chaplet of flowers and the names and birth-dates of all her children. Near the head a coronet is embroidered and above it "PATRICK, LORD GLAMIS—1884," the father of the present Earl; towards the foot is simply: "ELIZABETH—1900," the name of Her Gracious Majesty the Queen Mother.

Princess Margaret was born at Glamis, not in this room but in the Oak Bedroom whose windows look out across the park to Hunter's Hill. The Queen Mother chose this room as she wished to see the beacon that would be lit there in honour of the birth of her child.

How little possible is it to believe in ghosts as one passes through these pleasant rooms: the white and gold drawing-room with an alcove hung with miniatures, including those of the family pets; the Queen Mother's former sitting-room which, in spite of time-darkened portraits on the tapestried walls, has a cosy domestic air; the two small bedrooms with simple white painted furniture where our Queen and Princess Margaret slept as children. With all this evidence of a happy family home around one, the grim old legends fade into unreality and even the Secret of Glamis seems an improbable myth.

Yet a doubt remains.

Recently, an American reporter representing a famous news periodical approached this problem in forthright transatlantic fashion. Having explained to the Earl of Strathmore that his magazine was eager to do a big feature story on Glamis, he added:

"We'd sure like to have you clear up once and for all this mystery of the Glamis Secret. Now just about what is the truth of it?"

"The answer," replied the Earl courteously, after a little pause, "is really quite simple. Like all good secrets, it must remain—a secret."

END

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St. Patrick's Tree (*Continued from page 30*)

since that day the quiet, happy look of one who has a splendid thing to give had stayed in the boy's eyes.

St. Patrick was waiting at the door, cracking a nut in his mouth. Bidding the squirrel goodbye, Mr. Garcia saw that the bits of bread and suet he had scattered on the porch for the wild birds had not been touched. Even urgent hunger would not drive the quails and pheasants to ignore the deep, mysterious instincts that bade them to keep snug this day.

The snow started at two o'clock and in half an hour every space of air was choked with slanted white. Mr. Garcia sat at the round kitchen table, studying the seed catalogues and keeping watch along the path that Jimmy would take from Mrs. Phillips' house.

Presently, with his head bent into the wind, Jimmy came around the big rock at the edge of the house garden, pulling the sturdy sledge they had made to bring the tree from the woods. He stopped to brush the snow from a bundle on the sledge. Then Mr. Garcia remembered that Jimmy was to bring along the trimmings he had bought at the general store. The boxes bulged under the cover and Mr. Garcia knew that Jimmy was afraid the dampness would spoil the ornaments.

Mr. Garcia pulled on his jacket, tied the muffler about his throat, and went out to help Jimmy with his precious load.

"Will it be a bad storm?" Jimmy asked.

Mr. Garcia answered the anxious question with the honesty it deserved: "We're in for a real snow, Jimmy."

"I should have started the wood earlier this morning." And Mr. Garcia knew that Jimmy was blaming himself—as Mr. Garcia had blamed himself earlier.

St. Patrick appeared suddenly out of the storm and Jimmy knelt and gently examined the torn place on the squirrel's hind foot. "It's much better," he said.

Mr. Garcia agreed and they untied the lashings of stout cord that secured the trimmings to the sledge and carried the boxes into the kitchen.

Jimmy carried March to the table so she could see and opened the boxes, looking relieved at the wholeness of the balls and the untarnished glitter of the tinsel.

"It scratches her," Jimmy allowed, removing the tinsel and smoothing March's fur thoughtfully.

Mr. Garcia adjusted the damper on the stove and put in a stick of wood, waiting for Jimmy to speak of the tree.

"Suppose we can't cut the tree today," Jimmy said finally.

"Suppose not," Mr. Garcia said, understanding Jimmy perfectly. Jimmy's gift would not be whole if he had to call upon a busy neighbour to come out in the storm to help.

"That tree grows in a little pocket on the hill," Jimmy said. "If the snow keeps up, it will be drifted over."

Mr. Garcia nodded. "Only a miracle could keep the snow from drifting into that pocket." He laid his big bony hand gently on Jimmy's shoulder. "But I've seen things like that happen a good many times, Jimmy." Then, in spite of all his doubts, he had to give Jimmy a chance to decide. "We can try to make it to the tree now——"

For a moment hope sprang into the boy's eyes, then he shook his head. "It was all I could do to stand against the wind——" His voice choked and impatiently he pushed at the hair that had tumbled over his forehead.

"Well, now," Mr. Garcia said quickly, "it wouldn't hurt to have something hot to drink on a day like this."

He went to the pantry and brought cider to put on the stove to heat. They sat with their feet propped up on the oven, sipping from the heavy mugs. March lay dozing beside the wood box and Mr. Sabbath made a half-hearted attempt to clean his ragged feathers.

"It's a good thing we planned for me to stay the night," Jimmy said.

Mr. Garcia nodded. It was a long walk through the woods to Jimmy's house.

There was a long comfortable silence between them. Presently Jimmy reached down and scratched March's ears. He asked Mr. Garcia to tell him again about all the animals he had had for pets and to name them.

Mr. Garcia smiled and told of the stubborn donkey and the sly fox and of the many geese and rabbits and what he'd named them, thankful that Jimmy's mind had eased away from the tree and so the afternoon passed.

After their supper of fried potatoes and sausage and the last of the Cox's apples, sliced with sugar and cream, Mr. Garcia turned up the lamp and opened the seed catalogues.

Jimmy traced the outline of a tomato with his finger. "I can almost smell the green of the stem," he said. Then he sat back suddenly, the dark brows, that contrasted so oddly with his straw coloured hair, drawn close together. "I wish I knew all about how things grow."

"Well," Mr. Garcia said, "it takes earth and sun and water and—something else—a miracle, I guess you'd call it."

"A miracle like if the snow doesn't drift over the tree?"

"Something like that."

"I don't know exactly what a miracle is——"

Mr. Garcia sat a long moment, staring beyond the circle of lamplight. "Well, now," he said slowly, "I don't know myself exactly. It's something that happens that you can't explain."

"Like March's having kittens?"

"Yes," Mr. Garcia said, "like March's having kittens."

"And like what we eat making our bones bigger and stretching our skin?" Jimmy said thoughtfully.

"Yes, that too," Mr. Garcia said.

An awed, excited look came into Jimmy's eyes and stayed there all the while they banked the fire and locked up for the night.

Mr. Garcia sat awhile with his feet propped up on the stove after Jimmy had gone to bed. He heard a stirring from the spare room and went to see if his guest had enough cover. Jimmy was kneeling beside the bed and Mr. Garcia turned quietly and left him to the privacy he needed.

THE next morning Mr. Garcia heard Jimmy shaking the grates in the stove before full light. He rose and pulled on his old work-clothes, listening. The storm had blown itself out but the silence outside told him that the earth lay smothered in snow.

Jimmy was putting wood on the chips when Mr. Garcia went into the kitchen. "I think we can make it to the tree, all right," he said, turning from the stove excitedly.

But half an hour later, as they pulled the sledge, with its load of saw and axe, rope and shovel, across the yard headed towards the wooded hills, his eyes were worried with doubts. And when they had sunk in up to their knees before they were a third of the way across the lower garden patch, he turned to Mr. Garcia, his young face pale and sick. "It's no use," he said. "Even if we could dig away the snow to cut the tree, we couldn't haul it back. It'd weigh too much—that tree's ten feet tall and with all the snow on it——"

Before Mr. Garcia could find words to answer, he went on, "The miracle didn't happen! Or it wouldn't do any good if it did happen. There's too much snow!"

Mr. Garcia was shocked at the look on the young face. Then he remembered Jimmy's prayer last night. "Jimmy," he said gently, "sometimes miracles don't happen the way we think they should—not even when we ask for them to happen——"

Jimmy slowly lifted his head to look into Mr. Garcia's eyes. "It's not your fault," he said miserably.

Mr. Garcia must try to make him understand. "Sometimes, Jimmy, we get our hearts too set on things—it's not for us to judge the ways——"

But Jimmy hadn't heard. He had turned and was trudging back across the snow.

When they passed the rock at the edge of the house garden, St. Patrick came scrambling out of the barn to sit in the fir-tree. He commenced his mild scolding and Mr. Garcia suddenly saw the picture whole—the squirrel and the fir tree. So long had the tree been there, that Mr. Garcia had never looked upon it before as anything excepting a fixture on the landscape. "Jimmy," he said, feeling an odd excitement, "that's a fair-looking tree. It's small but it's full-branched——"

Jimmy stopped and looked at the tree. "It's not a Christmas-tree," he said.

"Well, now, I don't see why it can't be. Could be that if we saw that tree growing in a wild place we'd think it fine. We're so used to seeing it here——"

"But that tree belongs to St. Patrick——" Jimmy said, his eyes beginning to light with hope.

"No doubt it's been worrying him all along," Mr. Garcia said mildly, "that he has nothing to give in return for what you've done for his sore foot."

Jimmy dropped the rope to the sledge and walked around the tree, his brows drawn together. "It's—kind of little."

"It won't go over six feet," Mr. Garcia admitted, measuring the tree against his own height.

"But with all those trimmings——" Jimmy said.

So with St. Patrick scurrying around, busily supervising, they cut the tree and took it to the barn.

The sun was well past the afternoon side of the sky before the tree had thawed and dried, and the roads cleared, so they could take it the short distance to the church. They set it in a tub and added sugar to the water. "A tree wants nourishment," Mr. Garcia explained about the sugar.

It was almost four o'clock before the tree was trimmed and only then did the church begin to get warm. Mr. Garcia and Jimmy went to stand beside the stove to thaw their hands. In the fading light, the tinsel on the tree shone with a particular brilliance and the ornaments stood out, richly-bright. Jimmy took a deep breath. "Does it look all right?" he asked anxiously.

"I don't think I ever saw a finer tree," Mr. Garcia assured him.

At the church door, they shook hands, their solemn smiles saying that, in spite of many difficulties, they would meet a few hours later to see the glory of the substitute tree.

Mr. Garcia brushed his coat with care and polished his shoes. All this, added to the chores, took no more than two hours, however, so he was back at the church early. He stood in the centre aisle of the building, looking at the tree. The ceiling lights fell harshly upon the branches. There was no woodsy, Christmassy smell and the tree looked brown. Deprived of its roots for a few hours, it drooped and looked infinitely old.

Mr. Garcia moved over on the rough, wooden bench to make room for Jimmy and his mother and aunt. Jimmy's eyes went immediately to the tree, then he turned to Mr. Garcia. "It—looks different," he said, and Mr. Garcia saw him swallow against his terrible disappointment.

"When they turn down the lights for the programme," Mr. Garcia said, with a conviction he didn't feel, "it will look fine."

People passing, touched Jimmy's shoulder, nodded towards the tree and whispered that it was a beautiful sight. But Jimmy took no heart from their kind words. His eyes were dull and glazed and the movement of his throat told Mr. Garcia that he wanted to cry. He had failed. The shining, magnificent gift he had dreamed about was only a little yard tree, past its prime, looking out of place in its bright costume.

All through the programme, while the young folks recited their pieces and sang the old hymns in high, sweet voices, Mr. Garcia waited for the peace and warmth of the season to flow through the church. Parents smiled indulgently at forgotten lines and nodded approvingly from time to time but the meaning of the programme did not seem to touch their faces (*Continued on page 74*)

with light. It was as though the lifeless white of the wintered land was locked away deeply inside them and they must remember the hard months ahead.

When the last prayer had been said, Mr. Garcia bade Jimmy's mother and aunt good night.

Mr. Garcia waited at the door of the church to speak to Mr. Wheeler about the tree. Mr. Wheeler, who lived next door, would be glad to come in every day to water the tree, he said.

It was three days before the snow settled and crusted enough for Jimmy to walk through the woods to Mr. Garcia's house. He came in quietly.

Something very great was troubling him, but it would not be right to question until he had thought over what he wanted to say.

Finally, Jimmy turned to Mr. Garcia. "We could bring in the—big tree now."

"We could bring it in," Mr. Garcia said, nodding, "and plenty of time to thaw it and let the branches straighten before Christmas Eve——"

Jimmy took a deep breath. "My aunt says it's bad luck to take down a tree before Christmas—or to move one——"

"Well, now, I never heard of that."

"But if she feels that way, other folks might, too—I mean, if we took it down and put up the other tree in the church——"

Jimmy looked directly at Mr. Garcia and his serious, troubled eyes begged his friend to say the words that would make it right to bring in the big tree. Suddenly, in that doubtful, asking moment, Mr. Garcia saw Jimmy as he would be when he was grown—a strong man with a gentleness in his hands for all creatures and a regard for other people—above his own feelings. He felt that Jimmy had placed a delicate, important weight in his hands and he must put it to proper balance.

Knowing that his words would finish Jimmy's last hope, Mr. Garcia knotted his big hands into fists until he felt the throb of the blood in the raised veins and said, "Yes, other folks might feel that way, too, Jimmy."

There was so much he wanted to say. He wanted to tell Jimmy that his disappointment would dim with the years, but he would have to say, too, that some part of it would always stay—that Jimmy would have to take it out from time to time to look at it and feel again the bitter sense of his first defeat. But those words were too big for the boy now; they would only have the empty sound of a sermon that he could not understand. So Mr. Garcia said nothing.

When his feelings had quieted, he rose and put a stick of wood in the stove, scattered seeds on the table for Mr. Sabbath and poured a saucer of milk for March.

That was the last time Jimmy spoke of the tree. He came three more times before Christmas Eve for milk and butter and eggs and to help with the chores. His face had a closed, withdrawn look that told Mr. Garcia that some warm part of their good friendship was gone. Mr. Garcia had destroyed it and there was no bridge between their years that he could use to make Jimmy understand.

On Christmas Eve a new snow fell, a gentle, wet snow that clung to Mr. Garcia's shoulders and to his best hat as he walked to the service. Inside the church, he brushed his hat carefully and hung his coat close to the stove to dry. Above the smell of damp wellingtons and wet woollens, there was another smell; it was a live, green scent that seemed to pull a kindred woodiness from the very benches and rafters.

Mr. Garcia, nodding to his neighbours, took his usual place to wait for Jimmy and his family. Then he looked at the Christmas-tree and had to draw his breath in sharply. He thought that his eyes were playing tricks on him. Surely St. Patrick's tree had been replaced. Looking closer, he saw that it was the same tree, yet there was a difference. He couldn't name the difference, but he could feel it.

Then Jimmy was there on the bench beside him and Mr. Garcia heard him draw his breath in as he himself had done. "Something's happened to the tree——" he whispered.

Mr. Garcia nodded. "Something's happened to it, but I can't make out what it is."

The lights were dimmed and the candles lit for the service. As the church quieted, Mr. Garcia could hear folks murmur as they looked at the tree. St. Patrick's tree glowed and shimmered, the reflections of the bright ornaments and tinsel dancing on its branches.

Mr. Garcia, not being a singer, hummed along with the hymns, his eyes on the tree. It was during the singing of "O Little Town Of Bethlehem," that he made the discovery. A fine trembling started in him as he realized what had happened to the tree.

When the service was over, Jimmy whispered again, "Something's happened to the tree——"

Then Mr. Garcia led him to the tree to show him. After a long moment, Jimmy dropped to his knees and looked up through the branches. Deep in his eyes a light began to shine. Gently he reached out and felt the needles. When he spoke, his voice was hushed and awed. "It's growing. St. Patrick's tree is growing. There's green on the tip of every branch."

As word spread through the church, people stopped talking and came to look at the tree. They reached out and felt the soft, green-feathered branches as Jimmy had done, then stepped back to let others come close. "But how can a cut tree grow?" they exclaimed over and over and no one had the answer. "I stopped in every day to water it," Mr. Wheeler told them. He turned to Mr. Garcia, shaking his head incredulously, but Mr. Garcia could find no words for answer.

Gradually a hush fell over the room and people moved back and stood looking reverently at the glowing, living tree. At first

St. Patrick's Tree

Mr. Garcia felt it faintly, like the gentle flutter of a wing brushing in their midst; then the feeling grew and it seemed to Mr. Garcia that he was seeing the pages of the seed catalogues come to life. He moved his fingers and felt the rich crumbling of moist earth. And as his fingers moved, he felt Jimmy's hand slip into his. He looked down and saw the shine of tears in the boy's eyes and heard him whisper, "You knew it would grow——"

"No, Jimmy," he said slowly, "I didn't know it would grow."

"Is it a miracle then?" Jimmy asked. "Is it the miracle I prayed for—and it happened in a different way—like you said they do sometimes?"

Then, Mr. Garcia, looking into Jimmy's trusting, believing eyes, feeling the warmth of his strong young hand, had trouble with his own vision and had to swallow against the tightness in his throat before answering. "Yes, Jimmy, I believe it is a miracle."

It was late by the time Mr. Garcia had walked home from the church and settled his house for the night, but he didn't feel tired. He sat with his feet propped up on the stove, smoothing March's fur, listening to the old parakeet's vigorous chirping. He thought of the tree and of how its growing had made it a more magnificent gift than Jimmy ever could have envisioned in his brightest dreams; and, remembering his own prayer that Jimmy's friendship might be restored to him whole, he knew that he had told Jimmy the truth about the tree's growing. It was a miracle.

END

Christmas At The Manor

(*Continued from page 20*)

There is a fine sense of proportion about the Manor House undertakings, and although preparations may be elaborate, they are not allowed to overshadow the occasion. Christmas is a time for parties, with music and dancing. The young people have *their* night, and dance in the spacious Adam Room, overlooking the lawns and floodlit cedars.

There will be cocktail parties, with a bar in the music room, and leisurely walks through the adjoining conservatory; a whist drive in the library; and, of course, one, full-blooded "Free-For-All"—with paper hats and party games, and enough jelly to last a lifetime.

Christmas is also a time for the observance of tradition. On Christmas Eve, the "Waits," some thirty strong, and complete with lanterns, are ushered into the main hall, followed by the Chislehurst family of handbell ringers. The evening, by mutual consent, becomes a riotous interlude of "song and bell," with the logs burning, the punch steaming, and the hosts "joining in" from the balcony.

Christmas Day, inevitably, is quieter. The wrought iron gates have been gently closed, and the family settles down to a comfortable privacy. A few guests, intimate friends of the family, stroll among the five acres of woodland; or explore the greenhouses, and the vegetable garden: "We grow everything from pumpkins to artichokes," Mr. Jarvis explains. Before lunch, the staff is invited into the hall, where gifts are exchanged, and toasts are formally proposed.

Later in the day, when the fire is crackling, and secretive noises whisper about the staircase, conversation will turn lightly and easily to "Charlie." "Who *is* he, do you think. . . ?" And so the game is started: He is the eccentric Victorian, perhaps, who gave dinner parties in the Chislehurst caves; the priest, who lost himself in a mile of secret passageways; the owner-smuggler who used the house for illegal storage. . . .

Happily they speculate; indulgently he listens. As Gillian remarked: "It wouldn't be the same without him—he enters into the spirit of the thing."

END

A Fine Figure Of A Man

(*Continued from page 35*)

exceptions. A set of jugs depicting leaders of the first World War were made in the early 1920s. These have considerable merit and as only a few were made are becoming collectors' pieces.

The firm of Doulton are today making some Toby Jugs and what they term Character Jugs which are fine examples of the potter's art. But no one that I know of has ever tried to reproduce the wonderful translucent glazes of the original Ralph Wood jugs on a commercial scale.

One wonderful jug in the old techniques has been made in recent years of Sir Winston Churchill (not illustrated). Only a limited number were made by Leonard Jarvis, who alone of anybody I know is able to reproduce the old translucent glazes. He has also made a Toby Jug of me—but not for sale!

Ralph Wood Toby Jugs make a wonderful note of colour in a room. For instance, a case full of jugs whose coats are all in one colour, say varying shades of greens, blues or browns, chosen according to the decoration of the room, and their translucent glazes lit at night by indirect lighting, makes a unique colour scheme not easily forgotten. If the jugs are placed sideways full advantage is gained of their coloured glazes, the beauty of which has never been equalled in the history of English ceramics.

There is enormous pleasure to be had from collecting Toby Jugs of any period, but particularly those made a hundred and fifty years ago by Ralph Wood and his son, who like all genuine artist craftsmen gave of their best to their art.

An Heirloom Jug, dated 1770, which was at one time in the possession of a descendant of Ralph Wood, bears the initials R. W., and this inscription—

"No art with Potters can compare
We make our pots of what we potters are"

This is true of all of us, whatever our vocation in life, but it was particularly true of these early peasant potters, who lived and set up their kilns on the sites where they dug the clay and mined the coal—giving of their best to their native art.

END

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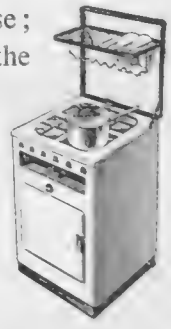

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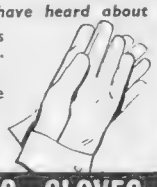

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The Christmas Rose

(*Continued from page 38*)

"I'm afraid I shall have to go and lie down, Julia," he said as we walked back to the hotel. "I've got a splitting headache.

Impulsively I took his hand.

"I should have reminded you about your glasses. Particularly as you mentioned them to me as we were dressing this morning.

It was the first spontaneously affectionate gesture that I had made for days.

He felt really ill for the rest of that day. Being a doctor he could tell me what eye lotion to ask for at the local chemist's and after that I kept putting cold compresses on his eyes every half-hour or so.

"Thank you, darling, for doing all this," Mark said once during the afternoon. "My headache's beginning to ease off a little now. What about you? Wouldn't you like to go and practise turns with the glamorous Hans?"

"Of course not. I only want to be with you." I had pushed Vicki to the back of my mind for the time being.

Mark remained silent for some minutes after this. I began to think that he'd dropped off to sleep.

"I must look an awful sight, darling," he said suddenly. "Do you wish you hadn't married me?"

"My goodness!" I replied, "I don't think my love would be worth very much if it couldn't endure the sight of two swollen eyes."

It was an evasive reply but it seemed to satisfy Mark. I heard him mumble, "That's more like my girl," and then he did doze for a time.

Despite the fact that Mark took something to help him to sleep, we spent a disturbed night. To me, however, it was bliss in comparison with the misery of the previous night. At least, I thought, I was of some use to Mark when he wasn't well even though I must have fallen so terribly short of his expectations on every other occasion.

THE following morning Mark felt much better but there was obviously no question of his ski-ing that day.

We sat quietly for a time, I reading and Mark leaning back in his chair with his eyes closed.

Then we went for a walk. We ambled up through the village to a little conifer wood behind. We brushed the snow off a fallen tree-trunk and sat down.

It was lovely there in the sunshine. Warm and tranquil. Idly we watched a party of ski-ers on a nearby mountain slope.

"Just look at that girl there," said Mark suddenly. "The one in front, with long fair hair streaming out behind her. She's a good ski-er."

All the old bitterness welled up in my heart again. Vicki was with us once more. The fair-haired girl had obviously reminded Mark of her.

"I don't expect she's half as good as Vicki," I retorted. "Or as beautiful or as glamorous or clever or witty or—or—*anything*." My voice rose on a note of hysteria.

"Vicki!" exclaimed Mark in astonishment. "Vicki who?"

"*Your* Vicki," I cried and burst into tears.

Mark let me finish my outburst and then he drew me very close to him.

"What's all this about Vicki, dearest? Do you know her or has someone been talking to you about her?"

It all came out then, about the two women, Barbara and Sandra, and what they'd said and how miserable and jealous I'd been ever since.

Mark listened to it all in silence.

"So this is the reason for the queer, snappy way you've been behaving during our honeymoon," he said when I'd finished. "Why on earth didn't you tell me this before, Julia?"

"I was afraid it was all true and I didn't want to know anything for certain. I'm an awful coward. And—and—I do love you so much, Mark."

"And I love you too, darling. More than I can tell you. You mean everything to me."

He took one of my hands and played around with my fingers for a minute or two.

"Listen," he said at last, "I'll tell you about Vicki if it will make you any happier.

"I met Vicki years ago—when I was still a medical student. I'll admit that for a few months I was infatuated with her and I took her out to expensive restaurants and other places that I couldn't possibly afford.

"Quite soon, however, I began to realize that she was hard and selfish and interested only in money and what it could buy for her. I tried to break off our friendship—I was never her lover, I swear darling—but she clung on. She made some terrible scenes and told me that she loved me and that she would kill herself if I didn't marry her. I, fool that I was, believed her and was driven nearly out of my mind with the worry of it all.

"Then we became engaged but the engagement—fortunately—didn't last long. You see, she had been under the impression that I had a lot of money.

"When she discovered that I wasn't well-off after all and that when I had qualified I would have to live on whatever I could earn as a G.P., she found that she didn't love me so very much."

Mark paused and looked at me.

"Shall I go on?"

"Yes, of course. I'd like to hear the end of the story."

"Well, the lady found herself in a difficult position then. She naturally wanted to break off the engagement herself. It would never have done for it to be said that she, Vicki, had been jilted! That would have been far too big a blow to her pride.

"On the other hand, she obviously couldn't tell the truth. That I wasn't as good a catch as she'd imagined and that she was therefore dropping me like a hot brick!

"She had to make up some story or other, then, to account for her broken engagement. So she went around informing everyone that I couldn't resist a pretty face and that I was incapable of fidelity to any woman. Not a pretty story to spread around about a prospective doctor. I'd broken her heart, she said, and she just couldn't stand being married to such a womanizer.

"Her heart mended surprisingly quickly, however, when someone with enough money came along and offered to put it together again for her.

"This Sandra that you heard talking is a distant cousin of Vicki's. I'm sorry she had to come to the wedding but she is married to that chap, Bill, who was a medical student with me. I introduced you to all of them, but I don't suppose you can remember them."

Mark had finished. I was overwhelmed with relief, and shame of my mistrust and jealousy.

"Oh, Mark," I said, "I feel so ashamed of myself now. I've been so beastly to you—and on our honeymoon, too. I don't know how you can still love me. I'll never, never, be so silly again. I promise you."

Mark kissed me then and I kissed him back with all the love and warmth of which I was capable.

As we got up to go, Mark happened to glance down and, with an exclamation of pleasure, he pointed at a flower growing near the fallen tree-trunk.

"Look," he said, "a Christmas Rose, growing wild in its native surroundings. How pretty it looks!"

I regarded the white and gold flower thoughtfully. I felt strangely humble when I reflected how the little plant had battled through the rigours of frost and blizzard in order to produce such beauty on that snowy mountainside.

"That's what marriage is like," I thought. "Happiness and mutual trust don't just happen. They must be fought for and jealousy is one of the things that has to be conquered if the love between two people is to survive."

"Will you please pick it for me, Mark," I said. "I'd like to keep it, to remind me not to be such an idiot ever again."

END

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RENÉE SHANN, author of that popular romantic novel "A Young Wife's Tale," recently published, says:—

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BRITAIN'S BEST BROWN BREAD

December Reading (*Continued from page* 39)

thrills and narrow escapes, flying about the Lebanon, Syria, Jordon, Egypt, Libya, on a B.B.C. reporting survey of the work of the United Nations Special Agencies. It was all routine, and the amount of factual information he packs into **"One Man's Journey"** (Hale, 16s.) is therefore all the more creditable. I enjoyed it as a vivid travelogue, not just a report.

Howard Hill, an Indian born on an Alabama farm, hunts wild life with the long bow. In **"Wild Adventure"** (Hale, 16s.) he stalks also bear, jaguar, lion, rhino, hippo, cougar, swordfish, shark and makes a lusty tale of his hazardous exploits.

Reese Wolfe's wild adventure occurred back in 1927 when he was studying Spanish in Madrid with fellow Stanford undergraduate Johnny Kenney. **"When The Credit's Low, Order Champagne"** (Barker, 12s. 6d.) is Wolfe's gay account of an antimony claim in the Cantabrian mountains.

Roy Hay, whom all the world knows as a leading writer and broadcaster on gardening, adds another success to his published works with **"In My Garden"** (Gryphon Books, 12s. 6d.). In it he tells of the transformation from a tangled wilderness to a flowering paradise of his own garden, already familiar to readers of "Eve's" regular gardening feature "Elizabeth And Her Surrey Garden," by Mrs. Roy Hay.

The secret of Richard Gordon's "Doctor" books is now apparent. He relies on the humour of overstatement. When he got his diploma, he says in **"Doctor At Large"** (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.), he went prancing through the streets "hoping every pretty girl in sight would be seized with a fit of fainting, and longing at each crossroads for a serious accident." He probably did nothing of the kind, but it makes a nice opening to a tale of rivalry with a fellow-pest for senior house surgeon's post and the hand of a pretty nurse.

Seventeen writers eager to teach the younger generation good manners contribute to **"Growing Up Gracefully"** (Barker, 15s.) edited by Noel Streatfeild, with John Dugan's amusing drawings. If juniors tried to follow *all* these do's and don'ts, they'd probably stop breathing in sheer panic, but if they survive this mass-attack they'll doubtless be better men and women, Gunga Din.

"Switzerland" (McGraw-Hill, 30s.) needs no praise. Colour plates, cultured text, make it an inimitable guide.

John Brophy is becoming the novelist of literary "shop," and a most entertaining one at that. In a previous book he banged at "Top Corner-Boy" reviewers. **"The Nimble Rabbit"** (Chatto & Windus, 13s. 6d.) concerns a British publisher, Carmichael, who flies the Atlantic, then darts to Paris, to head-off a rival from a U.S. best-seller he wants for his list; also a young author anxious to head off this brash celebrity from a 100,000 dollars prize for "The Great American Novel" disposable by a rich young U.S. widow. Love and intrigue tangle nicely.

Herman Wouk's **"Marjorie Morningstar"** (Cape, 16s.) is the kind of weighty novel I call Reviewer's Bane, for its packed 638 pages preclude the handy cliché: "I read every page with delight." It's about a U.S. Jewish girl named Morgenstern, nicknamed Lady Pieface in the Bronx, who at seventeen, as a Central Park charmer, resolves to become a famous actress under the name Morningstar, though boy friend George calls her "pooch."

Jan Laing, herself an exponent of *haute école* riding, tells spangled story of the Paris sawdust ring in the '90's in **"The Belle In The Top-Hat"** (Werner Laurie, 12s. 6d.). The circus background has authentic colour, glitter.

Another reviewer summed up the terrific battle sequence in Alistair MacLean's **"H.M.S. Ulysses"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.): ". . . two hours of solid bombardment—and not a Wren in sight." But I don't think the grave omission will worry readers of this *Cruel Sea* saga of the Murmansk run.

An American born in the old China returns to the new and sacrifices himself for a young Chinese communist as a gesture of expiation in Alice Tisdale Hobart's **"Venture Into Darkness"** (Longmans, 12s. 6d.).

Glasgow newspaper offices and the Clyde are the background of Marie Muir's **"Leezie Lindsay"** (Macmillan, 12s. 6d.), who marries the wrong man and cannot get the right one.

Jon Cleary's **"Justin Bayard"** (Collins, 12s. 6d.) is a strong, dramatic story of cattle-station whites and blacks in the Kimberleys of N.W. Australia; Margery Sharp's **"The Tigress On The Hearth"** (Collins, 10s. 6d.) an amusingly unreal tale about an Albanian girl who saves the life of a young Victorian squire visiting his uncle in Corfu, marries him, settles in his Devon home, and unsettles him to the extent of knifing his election opponent to avenge an affront!

RECOMMENDED NON-FICTION

"Eat And Stay Young," by Justine Glass (Peter Owen, 15s.). **"Pears Cyclopaedia,"** 64th edition (12s. 6d.). **"Hospitality,"** by Nell Heaton (Cassell, 18s.). **"How To Be A Better Parent"** by Sylvia and Peter Duncan (Evans Brothers, 9s. 6d).

RECOMMENDED FICTION

"The Proud Walkers," by C. E. Vulliamy (Chapman & Hall, 10s. 6d.). **"The Gallant Story,"** by J. H. B. Peel (Arthur Barker, 12s. 6d.). **"The Whirlpool,"** by Arnaldo Frateili (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.). **"Great House,"** by Kate Thompson (Harrap, 12s. 6d.). **"The Captain's Woman,"** by Neil Bell (Alvin Redman, 12s. 6d.). **"Few Were Left,"** by Harold Rein (Methuen, 10s. 6d.).

END

When Friends Come Calling

(*Continued from page* 45)

white bread, using a pastry cutter. Top each biscuit with a white bread crescent.

ASPARAGUS ROLLS

Use small tins of asparagus tips. Spread thin slices of white bread with butter, then with anchovy paste. Remove crusts. Roll one stick of asparagus in each slice of bread, wrap in waxed paper and chill in refrigerator overnight. Serve cold, but if preferred hot put in hot oven to toast and serve at once.

HOLLY CORNUCOPIAS

8 oz. cream cheese; 2 tablespoons milk; green colouring; 24 two-inch rounds of white bread.

Cream the cheese and milk in a bowl until smooth; tint holly-green with a few drops of green colouring; spoon into icing tube. Pinch each bread round into cornucopia shape (see picture, page 44); with icing tube pipe on three holly leaves; make berries with red currant jelly. Cover with waxed paper and a damp cloth until ready to serve.

* * *

For further interest use an apple as a snack holder and stick toothpick snacks, such as small grilled sausages on to it. Bake some pastry shells "blind" and fill them with mixed vegetables in aspic, cubes of ham with peas in aspic, and so on. Have a dish of cheese straws and another of potato crisps.

CLARET CUP

1 bottle of claret; 3 oz. sugar; 1 or 2 wine glasses Curaçao or sherry; 1 siphon soda water; 2 oranges; 1 lemon; 1 teacup water; borage or fresh mint; ice and mixed fruit for decoration.

Peel the lemon. Put the thin rind, water and sugar into a pan and heat slowly to extract the flavour of the rind. Strain into a large bowl, add strained orange and lemon juice. Add the claret, curaçao or sherry. Stand the bowl in ice until required. Add the soda water just before serving. Decorate with ice cubes and garnish with a little mixed fruit.

MULLED WINE

Port wine is best, but Tarragona, home-made damson or plum (*Continued on page* 80)

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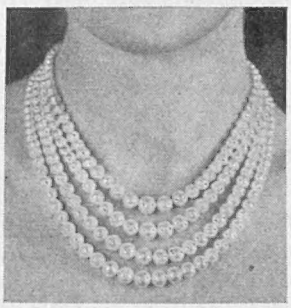

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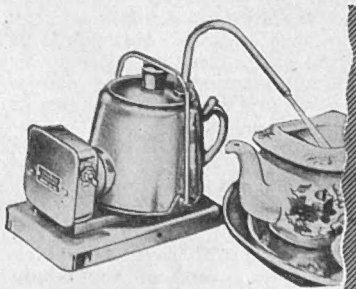

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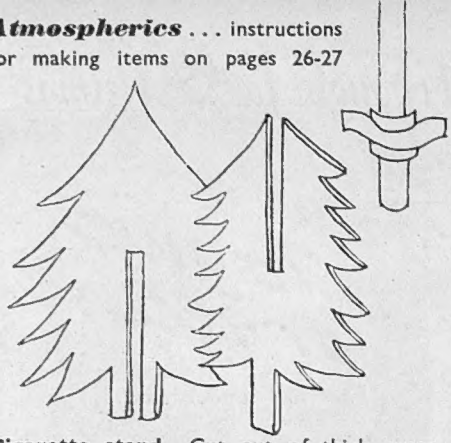
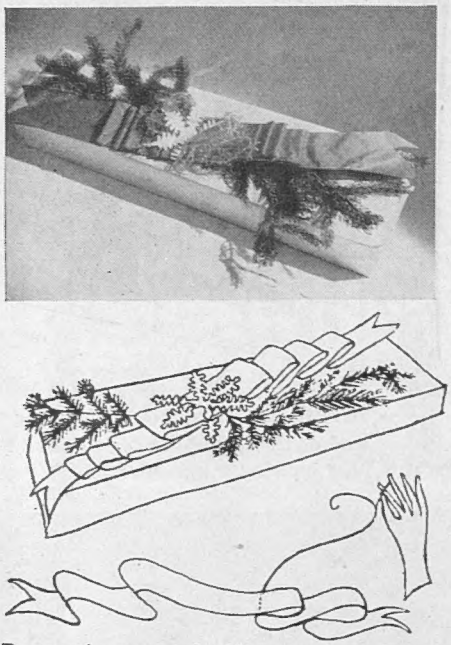
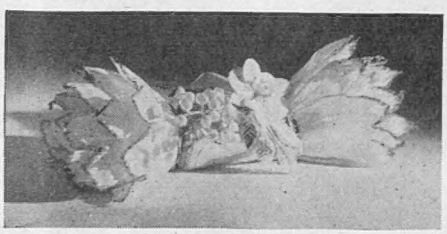
Atmospherics . . . instructions for making items on pages 26-27

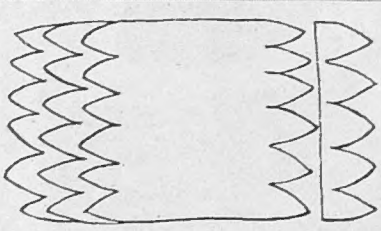


Cigarette stand. Cut out of thick green cardboard two fir-tree shapes, each with a gap to about the centre (as sketch). At right angles, slot the two shapes together and attach cigarettes with strip adhesive. Slip a piece of paper between the adhesive and the cigarette so that the latter can be taken out easily

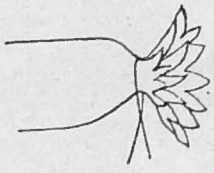


Decorative parcel. Wrap a long box in coloured paper. Add a bow, placed diagonally, by forming ribbon loops on either side of the centre point. Finish off parcel with snow crystals and some decorative fronds of fir





Surprise cracker. Made with a small piece of cardboard covered with silver paper rolled into a cylinder. Cover with three layers of tissue-paper of diminishing lengths with ends cut into scallops. Put a novelty inside cracker and tie with thread at each end of the cardboard. On top put a spray of artificial flowers



When Friends Come Calling

wine are quite suitable. Make a syrup by boiling together one teaspoon each powdered cinnamon, cloves, mixed spice and ground ginger with ¼ pint of water and three ounces sugar. Add a few shreds of orange peel and one bottle wine. Bring almost to boiling point, then dilute to taste with boiling water.

BRANDY PUNCH

1 bottle Lorel Brandy; ½ bottle Curaçao; 6 "splits" Dry Ginger Ale; 1 siphon soda water; mint and fruit.

Soak the fruit in brandy and curaçao for an hour or more, adding ice and mineral waters half an hour before serving. Stir well.

All you need now is good company and that I may safely leave to your own selection.

END

Year's End . . .

(*Continued from page 59*)

surface of the fibre always dries out, so push your finger an inch into the fibre to see how moist it is before watering them. It is best to leave snowdrops and crocuses outside, not in the dark, until they are almost in bloom and then bring them in, otherwise they make too much leafage and the flowers are disappointing. This is specially true of yellow crocuses.

Early in December the children begin asking "How many days to Christmas, Mummy?" and I begin to flounder under the weight of things to be done before The Day.

We all adore Christmas decorations and I am a glutton for new ideas.

We made a garland of ivy and "poinsettias" to stretch across our fireplace—just sprigs of ivy, plain and variegated, holly wired to a length of thin rope, with some of the leaves painted silver, some red and some gold. It was so much prettier than a paper chain, and the children enjoyed making it.

Someone gave me a kissing ring—made of delicate yew fronds wired on to the metal frame with its ring of red candles round the equatorial line—with scarlet apples polished till they shone, hanging on red ribbons in the centre of the sphere.

A friend of mine makes the most entrancing and delicate arrangements of ornamental grasses—touched lightly here and there with paint and glitter they give a fairy look. If you fancy them for another year and find them hard to get, grow a few varieties in your own garden—*Briza maxima, Briza gracilis, Lagurus ovatus, Bromus brizaeformis.* The seeds are sown in March or April just as other annuals. The grasses are picked at their prime and dried; then at Christmas, touched with white or silver or gold, they are the daintiest things I have seen.

Some people prune their hybrid tea roses and polyantha roses at this time of the year; other people prefer to leave the job until March. But if you favour spring pruning and if your roses are strong, vigorous growers, in a windy position, it is advisable to shorten the longer stems by half now so that they are not blown about and loosened round their stems at ground level. In our old cottage garden we had a good bed of Peace in a rather exposed position; these bushes used to make so much growth that, in addition to shortening them in the winter, we even had to stake them.

Do any cleaning and tidying up you can in the vegetable garden. The cabbage family in particular need to have their dead and decaying leaves picked off—they always seem to grow a prodigious number of leaves.

Brussels sprouts especially should have decayed lower leaves removed, as the rot may affect the sprouts and many good crops have been spoilt in this way. It is a cold and cheerless job, but a dish of well-grown sprouts with the Christmas turkey *is* a compensation.

END

I Looked At My Son

(*Continued from page 32*)

Now, out comes his big red engine and the fire of delight spreads across his face. For a spellbound moment we see and hear that engine noisily chuffing, wheels whirring, smoke flying, whistle screaming—as real and alive as it is in his mind. Everything seems to be real and alive today: surely there can be no hurt, no pain, no death.

But even at such a moment, we can't forget that there was a great deal of pain and death that other Christmas when we sang "Noël" deep in an underground shelter—nor that there is a place we would give the world to see filled when the table is set for Christmas dinner.

Nor shall I ever forget that on a perfectly ordinary day my small son turned his aching eyes up to me and said: "Will I have to fight in a war when I'm big, Mummy?" And I gathered him close in both arms and felt one whole warm body, all smooth and white and unmutilated, knew the strength and the innocence of him and my lips said: "There aren't going to be any wars when you're big!" and every nerve in me said: "Please God, let there be no more wars!"

We pray that pain and sorrow will come briefly and rarely to our children, if at all, and that they may wake at every dawn for evermore to a world at peace and full of goodwill to all men.

If we could look through the eyes of this child, we, too, would see the stuff that dreams and hopes—and prayers—are made of. Things that have gone stale with us would seem wildly beautiful beyond the scope of words. Gifts hanging on a tree would be extravagant beyond the thought and feeling of mere adults who bought them—albeit with warm hearts, but nevertheless with cold cash. Looking with a child's eyes, there would be no difference between a gift of gold or one of humble myrrh: the brightly coloured trifle is to them as sweet and precious (perhaps more so) as the large expensive toy. We would see the twinkling lights as the child sees them, more ravishing than diamonds.

Our minds, if we thought with the mind of a child, would take the true pattern of Christmas—and indeed, of living—as virgin snow takes a set of footprints.

This English child stands at the core of a traditional Christmas.

But Christmas is Christmas the world over in the heart of a child. Half the world's children celebrate the birth of the Christ-child without snow and holly and robins, at the high noon of summer when the year is nearer to its end than its beginning. Their little plastic tree is only a pathetic symbol for the real thing, for outside grow palm trees or blue-green wattles or red-decked thorn trees.

But they, like the other half of the world's children, possess the unerring ability to get right to the heart of the matter. Red dawn may come at four o'clock in the morning but they are convinced that Father Christmas will come in a hot red coat and smothering whiskers. The golden-haired doll—and the big red engine—will come to life as easily in the bold white glare of sunlight as they did in the mysterious grey beauty of an English midwinter dawn. Turkey and plum pudding and mince pies and ice cream will be gorged as unrestrainedly on a shimmering white beach or a stretch of cool green grass. Paper chains will be as gay in Los Angeles or Durban as they are in Birmingham, bells will ring and choirs will sing no less joyfully in Adelaide or Auckland than they will in Belfast or Caerphilly.

When, at the end of the day, he falls to his knees and softly says: "God bless Daddy and Mummy . . . and all the family . . . and all my friends . . . and thank you for Christmas," we can only add: "May the miracle and the inspiration of Christmas—and of little children—be with us all the days of our lives."

This is *our* prayer.

END

1.12.55

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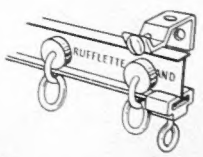

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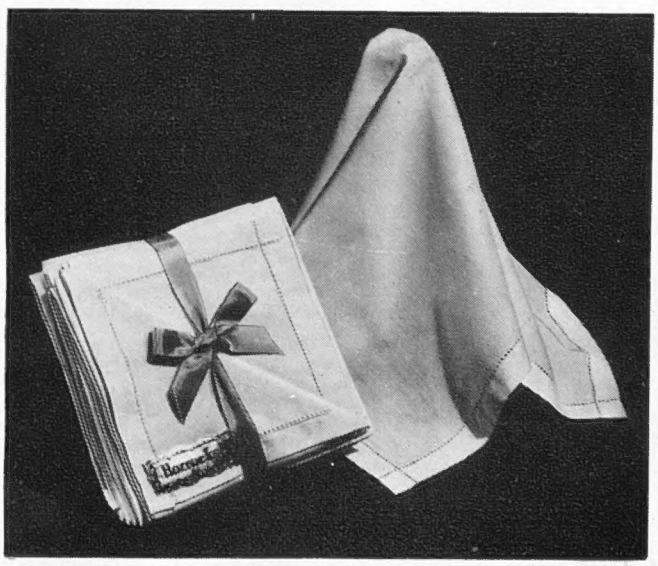

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